CHRISTIAN REGISTER
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DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

S. K. L. AND G. E. E., EDITORS PRO TEM. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1843. VOL. XXII.—NO 32

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

We had thought of noticing the pamphlet of which we extract the following review from the London Inquirer, but are glad to present our readers with the remarks of one better acquainted with the subject of them than we are. We may add that an answer to Mr. Bakewell's pamphlet has just appeared of which we shall take early notice.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Unitarianism Untenable: a Letter to the Unitarians of Chester, Edinburgh, and Norwich, Great Britain, and Pittsburgh, America. By W. J. Bakewell, their former Pastor. With an Appendix, containing Scripture Testimony respecting the nature of our Savior, the Personality of the Holy Spirit, and the Doctrine of Christian Redemption, interspersed with Remarks. Pittsburgh: printed by Johnston and Stockton, Market street. 1843.

This pamphlet informs us, that Mr. Bakewell, who was well known as a Unitarian minister in England, and removed a few years ago to Pittsburgh, first resigned his charge in that place, 'in consequence of the decreasing state of the little Society, and his persuasion, that after the unsuccessful efforts for many years to raise a congregation, no advantage to the cause of Unitarianism could arise from continuing any longer the ineffectual struggle against the overwhelming opinions and efforts of the orthodox population;' and that after some time adopted orthodox opinions, which he now writes to recommend to his old friends.

Mr. Bakewell is very anxious to guard himself against the imputation of interested motives in the change he has made, and is very earnest in his protestations on the subject. He cannot but be well aware, from his own observations, that great numbers do conform to the popular doctrines, or abstain from bearing any testimony against them, from worldly motives, and he is naturally anxious not to be confounded with this class. However astonished we may be at the opinions he advances, as coming from one who has previously defended Unitarian views of the sense of Scripture, we cannot resist his solemn assurances of sincerity, supported as they are by his previous character. We have nothing to say against his honesty, we only unfeignedly wonder that any body should have made such a change under the influence of such reasons as he has here given. We are glad, however, that he *has* given his reasons—they will settle the real value of his testimony on the subject.

If the resignation at Pittsburgh really preceded, as we understand Mr. Bakewell to assert, all change of opinion on his own part, it indicates an extraordinary state of feeling, which shows how little he understood or felt the opinions, which, as a matter of argument, he was then maintaining. He resigned his charge in consequence of the decreasing state of the little Society, and the ill-success of the efforts which had been made to raise a congregation. It is nothing new or extraordinary for Unitarianism in certain localities not to make progress against the established and prevailing belief in the self-styled orthodox doctrines, and the powerful prejudices and awful terrors by which those doctrines are guarded. There existed a little Society of Unitarians, and, as its pastor, Mr. Bakewell strove in vain to enlarge it and render it flourishing. What then? However small, it consisted of those who believed in the truth, beauty and practical value of those simple views of Gospel truth which they professed—of those who were ready to bear their humble testimony to the world in favor of such views—and who could not join in the services of their brethren without hearing much which must appear to them not only unsound but pernicious, and without losing much of the satisfaction and delight of social worship. If others would not join them, they did their duty to their own sense of what was true—they satisfied their own consciences, and they scattered seeds, which in God's own time might germinate and bring forth fruit; but in the mean time, their worship and their services were for themselves as well as for others, and why should their ill-success in making converts be any reason for depriving themselves of a comfort and blessing? A single family of Unitarian Christians might well hesitate whether it would not be a more consistent, agreeable and edifying course to worship alone rather than join in giving an apparent sanction to what they must deem pernicious errors, and expose themselves to having their feelings constantly wounded by expressions in which others find peculiar satisfaction. Where only two or three families can publicly unite, there can scarcely be a doubt as to the proper course, and we know not how those who really have any confidence in the truth and value of their opinions, could be induced to give up the pleasure of meeting together. As a Unitarian, Mr. Bakewell gave them very strange, and we must say very bad counsel—perhaps it is to be traced to some rising inclination for orthodoxy which already influenced his mind. It is a very extraordinary assertion of Mr. Bakewell, that he does not know that all the controversial lectures he delivered have made a single convert to Unitarianism. We happen to know very well that he made many converts to Unitarianism, converts who we trust will continue stedfast in the faith which he has abandoned, to their own great comfort and satisfaction of mind. We know not how the fact escaped Mr. Bakewell's attention at the time, or has slipped from his memory since, but we have good authority for speaking of it as a fact, and we must therefore state it, at the risk of disturbing his present complacency, in the review of his past inefficiency. He has been the instrument of Providence, and we hope he has done good, though a cloud has now fallen on his own mind.

It is a strange spectacle to see one who has publicly defended Unitarianism, who has shown acquaintance with the controversy, and though he may, as he himself now thinks, and as many of his friends have often thought, have been too fond of an *agonistical attitude*, has, nevertheless, seemed to understand and feel the force of the evidence on the subject—now appealing to such arguments as find a place in this letter and the appendix; it is strange to see the same mind passing through such different phases; and, as it appears to us, so strikingly diminishing in light and strength. Mr. Bakewell it seems 'resolved to search the Scriptures on the principle enforced by Dr. Chalmers, in his evidences: 'not what thinkest thou, but how readest thou.' Now if by this principle be intended according to its only rational interpretation, not our own previously formed opinions, but what is really taught in the sacred records, it ought to be received by every believer in Revelation, and is admitted, enforced, and practised, as much by Unitarians as by any other class of Christians. Mr. Bakewell's seeming to have previously been a stranger to it, is the only remarkable circumstance. If, on the contrary, it be intended to mean, as we have no doubt many would interpret it, not what examination and thought would lead us to conclude to be the true meaning, but what lies on the surface, and is at once suggested by the words, in conformity with prevailing opinions and common prejudices—then it is a most mistaken and perverting principle, very commonly indeed adopted, but altogether opposed to the discovery of truth, and tending only to give authority to the sentiments which prevail around us. The whole question between different views of Christianity is a question respecting the true sense of the Sacred Records; it is the question, which, as the advocate of Unitarianism, Mr. Bakewell professed to treat, and to assist the public in deciding; but he now thinks that he had prejudged this question—that he had a 'system already—a mind pre-occupied with the speculations of natural theologists.' As having gone through the same classes in the same institution, about the same period, we are ready to affirm that he does injustice to the principle on which his collegiate education was conducted. He studied the evidences, first of Natural and then of Revealed Religion, that he might see what the religion was, which the light of nature afforded, and that he might know on what grounds the Bible is received as a record of divine communications; but it certainly was not the intention or the fair tendency of those studies to make natural religion the interpreter of revelation, and when he came to the examination of the Scriptures, the whole object of a very extensive course of study was to put him in possession of the means of fairly judging respecting the true sense, to which end his attention was directed to writers of various parties and opinions, and no effort was spared to excite and assist him to judge for himself, independently, candidly, and with the use of proper means.

We are surprised to find Mr. Bakewell falling into the common mistake, on the subject of the *figurative* interpretation by Unitarians of certain Scriptural expressions. It is strange he does not perceive that the expressions in question are interpreted metaphorically by all Christians; that the question is respecting the true intent and meaning of the figurative language, and that Unitarians conceive that they can afford various and abundant evidence to show that their interpretation expresses the whole of what the original could be intended to convey. None surely but the most ignorant of the orthodox can now believe that they explain the language quoted in defence of the Atonement literally. It would be useless for us to extend this notice. Mr. Bakewell is a respectable, and, we doubt not, a conscientious man; but his arguments are only what are quite familiar, and what all Unitarians are accustomed to regard as exceedingly weak; they are what have been considered again and again, and pronounced worthless. We are sorry, on account of our feelings in respect to him, to see Mr. Bakewell bringing them forward, but we have no alarms for the cause of truth. These changes, resulting from the weakness, caprice, or morbid feelings of individuals, subject it to a useful trial, and we are mistaken if many will not find their attachment to their own simple views, their conviction of their truth and importance, and their zeal to hold them forth as a source of light and joy to others, confirmed and animated by such attacks as we have now been considering. If the fair study of the Scriptures lead to what is called orthodoxy, we ought to wish for its advancement, and all appeals to Scripture examined according to rational principles, such as would be applied to other ancient writings, have our fullest sanction. We confess we consider a mode of quotation like that in Mr. Bakewell's, appendix, as a very useless display—a very idle repetition of what has been done too often before, and very little likely to satisfy any intelligent inquirer.

THEOLOGY AND COMMON SENSE.

The following extract from a fiction in the Edinburgh Magazine affords a fine description of the oppositeness of Theology and Common Sense, and how the simplicity of the human heart will baffle the disciple of a religion founded on the worst view of human nature. The chief personage is Caleb Stukely, who is a pupil of a Mr. Clayton and is just commencing the work of an Evangelist. He has made one attempt to act the Religionist, but was met with entire indifference; he is now about to 'try again:'—

'In a small cottage, distant about three miles from the residence of Mr. Clayton, there lodged, at this time, an old man with his sister, a blind woman, about seventy years of age. He had communicated with Mr. Clayton's church for many years. He was now poor, and had retired from the metropolis, to the hut, for the advantage of purer air, and in the hope of prolonging the short span within which his earthly life had been brought. To this humble habitation I was directed by Mr. Clayton.

'The woman,' said the minister, 'is without any comfortable hope; but the prospects of the brother are satisfactory and most cheering. Go to the benighted woman. Here is a melancholy case. Satan has a secure footing in her heart, and defeats every effort and every motive that I have brought to bear against it. May you be more fortunate—may her self-deceived and hardened spirit melt before the force and earnestness of your appeals!'

I ventured for a second time on sacred and interdicted ground, and visited the cottage. The unhappy woman, to whom I had specially come, was smitten indeed. She was blind and paralyzed, and on the extreme verge of eternity. Yet, afflicted as she was, and as near to death as the living may be, she enjoyed the tranquility and the gentleness of a child, ignorant of sin, and, in virtue of her infancy, confident of her inheritance. I could discover no evidence of a creature alarmed with a sense of guilt, loathing itself, conscious of its worthlessness. Her nature in truth, seemed to have usurped a sweetness and placidity, the possession of which, as Mr. Clayton afterward observed, was justifiable only in those who could find nothing but vileness and depravity in every thought and purpose of their hearts.

It was a beautiful day in summer, and Margaret was sitting before the cottage porch, feeling the sun's benevolent warmth, and tempering, with the closed lid, the hot rays that were directed to her sightless orbs. She had no power to move, and was happy in the still enjoyment of the lingering and lovely day. She might have been a statue for her quietness—but there were curves and lines in the decrepit frame that art could never borrow. Little there seemed about her to induce a love of life, and yet a countenance more bright with cheerfulness and mild content I never met. The healthy and the young might read a lesson on her blanched and wrinkled cheek. Full of my errand, I did not hesitate at once to engage her mind on heavenly and holy topics. She did not, or she would not, understand me. I spoke to her of the degradation of humanity, our fallen nature, and the impossibility of thinking anything but sin—and a stone could not be more senseless than the aged listener.

'Was I sure of it?' she asked. 'Did my Bible say it?' Much she doubted it, for she had sometimes, especially since her blindness, clear and beautiful thoughts of heaven that could not be sinful, they rendered her so happy, and took away from her all fear. It was so shocking, too,' she thought, 'to think so ill of men—our fellow-creatures, and the creatures of a perfect Father. She loved her brother—he was so simple-minded, and so kind to her, too; how *could* she call him wicked and depraved!'

'Do you feel no load upon your conscience?' I inquired.

'Bless the good man's heart;' she answered, 'why what cares have I? If I can hear his friendly voice, and know he is not heavy-burthened, I am happy. Brother is all to me. Though now and then I am not well pleased if the young children keep away who play about me sometimes, as if they did not need a playfellow more gay than the poor blind Margaret.'

'Have you no fear of death?' said I.

'Why should I have?' she answered quietly; 'I never injured another in my life.'

'Can that take off the sting?' I asked.

'And I have tried,' continued she, 'as far as I was able, to please the God who made me.'

'Did you never think yourself the vilest of the vile?'

'Bless you! never, sir. How could I? If I had been, you may be sure Mr. Clayton and the visiting ladies would never have been so kind to me and Thomas as they have—and how could we expect it? I was only thinking, sir, before you came up, that if I had been wicked when I was young, I never would have been so easy under blindness. Now it does'nt give me one unquiet hour.'

'Margaret, I would you were more anxious.'

'It wouldn't do, sir, for the blind to be anxious,' she replied. 'They must do nothing, sir, but wait with patience. Besides, Thomas and I need no anxiety at all. God gives us more than we require, and it would be very wicked to be restless and unquiet.'

'Margaret,' said I impressively, 'there is a heaven!'

'Yes,' she answered quickly, 'that I'm sure of. I read of it before I lost my eyes; and since my blindness I have seen it often. God is very good to the afflicted, and none but the afflicted know how he makes up for what He takes away. I have seen heaven, sir, though I have not sight enough to know your face. Do you play dominoes, Mr.——what did you say your name was, sir?'

'You trifle, Margaret.'

'Oh, no indeed, sir. But how wonderful and quick my touch has got, and how kind is heaven there, sir! I can see the dominoes with my fingers—touch is just as good as sight. Just think how many hours a poor blind creature has, that must be filled up some way or another! I like to keep to myself, and think, and think; but not always—and sometimes I want Thomas to read to me; and when that's over, I feel a want of something else. I'll tell you what it is—my eyes they want to open. When that's the case, I always play at dominoes, and then the feeling goes away. Thomas can tell you that, for he plays with me.'

I continued the conversation for an hour, with the same result. I grew annoyed and irritated—not with the deluded sinner, as I deemed her, but with myself, the feeble and unequal instrument. For the second time I had attempted to comply with the instructions of my master, and for a second time I had been foiled, and driven back in melancholy discomfiture. The imperturbability and easy replies of the woman harassed and tormented me in the extreme. I had been too recent a pupil to be thoroughly versed in the subtleties and mysteries of my office. Silence was painful to me, and reply only accumulated difficulty and vexation. She seemed so happy, too; in the midst of all her heresy and error there existed an unaffected tranquillity and repose which I would have purchased at any cost or sacrifice. I blushed and grew ashamed, and for a moment forgot that the bereaved creature was unable to behold the confusion with which defeat and exposure had covered me. At length I spoke imperfectly, loosely, and at random. The woman detected me in an untenable position—and checked me—and in her artless manner, laid bare the fallacy of an inconsiderate assertion. In an instant I was aware of my conviction; I retracted my expression, and involved myself immediately in fresh dilemma. Again, and as gently as before, she made the unsoundness of a principle evident and glaring. How I closed the argument—the conversation and the interview—and escaped from her, I know not. Burning with shame, despising myself, and desirous of burying both my disgrace and self deep in the earth, where both might be forgotten, I was sensible of hurrying homeward. I reached it in despair, satisfied that I had become a coward and a renegade, and that I was lost, hopelessly and utterly here upon earth, and eternally in heaven!'

POINTED SERMONS.

At a recent anniversary of the Unitarian Association in Boston, the Rev. Dr. Pierce, of Brooklyn, related the following anecdote, illustrative of the effect of pointed preaching:

'More than 100 years ago, there graduated at Harvard University a man by the name of Rawson, who subsequently settled in the ministry at Yarmouth, on Cape Cod. He used to preach very pointed sermons. Having heard that some of his parishioners were in the habit of making him the subject of their mirth at a grog shop, he one Sabbath preached a discourse from the text, 'And I was the song of the drunkard.' His remarks were of a very *moving* character, so much so that many of his hearers rose and left the house in the midst of the sermon. A short time afterwards, the preacher delivered a discourse still more pointed than the first, from the text, 'And they, being convicted out of their own consciences, went out one by one.' On this occasion no one ventured to retire from the assembly, but the guilty ones resigned themselves, with as good grace as possible, to the lash of their pastor.'

VENTILATING CHURCHES.—THE SABBATH.

The season for drowsy, sleeping audiences on Sabbath days has come, and as a little prevention is better than much cure, it is well worth while to talk a little about this matter. People rarely complain of the dullness of the Clergy in winter. They are in the habit of doing this almost exclusively in the sultry summer days. Now it is fair to infer that the listener is as much in fault as the speaker, who happens to be the subject of the remark. Probably more so. His mental and bodily faculties, especially in the afternoon, are blunted by the free indulgence at the dinner table. Added to this is the heated, noxious atmosphere of the Church, deprived of most of its oxygen, combining to make the eye heavy, the ear listless and the head to drop with lassitude and exhaustion. No wonder, then, that eloquence is dull, arguments are sophistical, and everything uttered by the preacher partakes of the heaviness of the listener's own cranium.

In regard to the ventilation of churches to ensure pure air and healthy respiration, there are a few simple rules which are constantly violated. Every window should be thrown open at an early morning hour, and the pure, fresh air of heaven, of which there is a sky-full above, be allowed full ingress. Again, at noon, after the retirement of the audience, the windows and doors of churches should be opened freely, and the windows in the galleries in particular dropped from the top, to admit of free and full ventilation. In this way the atmosphere may be preserved pure, and dullness in a great measure dissipated, unless the cause is exclusively from an excess at the table. Then the dozing subject will do well to remain at home, rather than to sleep at church, a pointed act of rudeness to the audience, as well as to the religious Teacher.

Why the subject of ventilation has been so utterly disregarded by men of science and practical architects, is amazing to our comprehension. Health, personal comfort, the enjoyment of the intellectual as well as the religious exercises of the Sabbath, are all involved in the simple matter of the ventilation. Yet strange as it may appear, in the construction of churches, school houses, concert and lecture rooms, as well as legislative halls, this important principle has not only not attracted attention, but it has been utterly neglected and overlooked. Why should it be so? Why should men, women and children be doomed to respiration, poisonous in itself, when God, in his munificent arrangement of the Universe, has provided pure air in such copious and exhaustless quantities, that through no human agency, can it ever be exhausted. —*New Haven Dai. Cou.*

[From the Bristol Mercury, London.]

THE LATE RAJAH RAMMOHUN ROY.

An event of much interest took place in the neighborhood of Bristol, a short time since.

It will be in the recollection of the numerous admirers of the eminent person whose name we have prefixed to this notice, that during his visit in this vicinity, the world was deprived of one of its greatest ornaments, by the death, after a few days' illness, of this rarely gifted individual. Under the novel and peculiar circumstances of the case, it was deemed to be most appropriate that the remains should be deposited in a spot of ground to be specially chosen for the purpose; and, with much good feeling, the late Miss Castle, whose guest he was at the time of his death, expressed a desire that that spot might be selected in the bosom of her own demesne. There the remains were placed, amidst the silent and reverential regrets of a select attendance of personal and admiring friends, and the picturesque tomb was closed over all that was mortal of this illustrious dead. *There*, embalmed in the recollection of all who honor and love the purest and most exalted qualities of our nature, we confess we should not have regretted that these revered reliques should have been permitted to continue in undisturbed repose. But within a recent period, a visit to the tomb of the Rajah, by Dwarkanauth Tagore, the distinguished fellow countryman and personal friend and executor of the deceased, led to a determination that the remains of Rammohun Roy should be consigned to a more conspicuous resting place, and a suitable memorial be erected, expressive of the sense entertained by his enlightened countrymen of the eminent worth and attainments by which he was adorned. Agreeably to this determination, taken immediately on the return of Dwarkanauth Tagore to Calcutta, a gentleman authorized by him arrived within these few days at Stapleton Grove, the seat of Michael Hinton Castle, Esq., the place where the Rajah died, and at seven o'clock on Monday morning, the 29th May, the coffin of the deceased, but very slightly injured from the effects of long interment, was lifted from its temporary receptacle, and subsequently deposited in the unconsecrated portion of the beautiful cemetery at Arno's Vale. This occurrence is one in which we feel, as no doubt our readers will, a deep interest. It will be an honor to our locality to contain the memorial, about to be erected, of one so justly endeared to the living generation, and so worthy to be held in veneration by succeeding and distant time. But more than this—we hail it as prophetic of the brighter future which awaits our fellow subjects of the far distant east, that they appreciate as they do the enlightened sentiments, the philanthropic spirit, and intellectual pre-eminence of the great and good, whose mortal remains they leave in our keeping; but in whose noble mind—while they see in it a light and blessing to the world at large—they take so just a pride as the growth and fruit of their own resplendent clime!

It is gratifying to be able to add, that the beautiful full length portrait of the deceased Rajah, presented some time since by Miss Kiddell to the Bristol Institution, at Park-street—whose staircase wall it now adorns—represents with singular fidelity the graceful mien, majestic person, and mental character of this extraordinary man, in whose living presence so many charms were combined; and whose attractive manner, as well as delightful conversation, those who were so fortunate as to enjoy, must ever indelibly retain in their memory.

On so striking an occasion as the removal, by an unexpected death, of so distinguished a visitant—the first of his rank who had ever come to our shores—it was to be expected that many minds would be deeply affected; and many aspiring hopes be supplanted by feelings of poignant disappointment and regret. But we know not that the blended sorrow and piety which were so deeply and generally excited, found more graceful and touching expression, than in the following lines by an accomplished lady of this neighborhood, by whose permission they were published, at the period of the Raja's interment in the demesne of—

STAPLETON GROVE.

This is the spot! There needs no sculptured line;
No column marks the Rajah's lonely tomb;
But shadowing elms their drooping boughs incline,
And shroud his cold remains in sacred gloom.

Yes: far from Ganges' consecrated wave,
Beneath our pallid groves and northern skies,
A stranger's hand hath laid thee in the grave,
And stranger's tears have wept thine obsequies.

A stranger? No! thy caste was human kind,—
Thy home wherever Freedom's beacon shone;
And England's noblest hearts exulting shrined
The turban'd offspring of a burning zone.

Pure, generous mind! All that was just and true,—
All that was lovely, holiest, brightest,
Kindled thy soul of eloquence anew,
And woke responsive chords in every breast.

Sons of the Western main around thee hung,
While Indian lips unfolded Freedom's laws;
And grateful Woman heard the Bramin's tongue
Proclaim her worth and plead her widow'd cause.

Ah! why did Fortune dash, with bitter doom,
That cup of high communion from thine hand?
And scatter, darkly withering o'er the tomb,
The blessings gather'd for thy native land?

Be hushed our murmurs! He whose voice had won
Thee, heaven-bound traveller, forth from pagan night,
In mercy call'd the trusting spirit on,
And bade it dwell with uncreated light!

Perchance when, o'er thy loved paternal bower,
The Sun of Righteousness shall healing rise,—
When India's children feel his noon-day power,
And mingle all in Christian sympathies,—

Hither their pilgrim footsteps duly bound,
With fervent zeal these hallow'd haunts shall trace,
And sweetly solemn tears bedew the ground
Where sleeps the friend and prophet of their race.
—*Bristol Mercury, 10th June.*

[From the London Inquirer.]

MODERN FANATICISM.—THE WHITE QUAKERS.

We present our readers below with a precious document—a Manifesto of the famous Joshua Jacob, the founder of the White Quakers, an extraordinary sect of fanatics, that has sprung up lately in Ireland. At some future time we may perhaps lay before them some account of their new tribe of Religio-Maniacs: meanwhile we give them the following *morceau* to whet their appetites for what is to come.

Newspapers, Mountebanks, Bells, Clocks, and watches, rejected by the Grace of God, and disowned by the Faith of Jesus.

A Friend from Waterford came to see me, and said that a piece of a newspaper had been thrown into a window of our meeting-house there, noticing my imprisonment, and the enjoyment of my friends in visiting me, as well as my own peace.

The curse of God is upon newspapers. He hath showed me that they worship and serve the creature more than the Creator; that their contents is devil's food; be it never so true, it is served up for his occasion. Dust shall be the serpent's meat. And the faithful in Christ Jesus are commanded not to touch, or handle it therefore.

A mountebank came into the prison court, and stood in it, before a group of prisoners, making a squeeling sound to divert them. A Friend was walking the flags at one side with me, and my spirit was moved against him, and wept over and stood before the man, and I asked him, Where didst thou get that devilish noise? And again, Is that to glorify God in our bodies and in our spirits, which should be his? When I was clear in the love of God, we again took our walk. The man had a devilish waistcoat of divers motley colors, and tinsel, with small chains on his shoulders, no coat; he appeared to be past middle age. After awhile he seemed inclined to resume his wickedness over our heads; my spirit was still against him, and I stepped to where he was, and in the love of God we stood before him, my hat off. He had discontinued the sound, but was now put to a stand again, and taking a tumble head over heels, got away from us towards the people, and round behind them; so I left the spot as soon as I had freedom from the Lord, without having spoken. We walked to and fro again, until my mouth was opened in the Lord's dread and power to declare against him and his evil deeds.

He was silent for a time, and then said, First-born; and I said, Cursed be the man that riseth up to build this city, Jericho; he shall lay the foundation thereof in his first-born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates thereof. I declared to the prisoners, that it was their lusts rather than that poor devil that brought these things among them, drawing sin as with a cart-rope, and iniquity as with cords of vanity; that the Lord God of heaven and earth would, in His own way and appointed time, sweep away from off the face of the earth, all lust, drunkenness, whoredom, swearing, lying, and all manner of wickedness. Amen, saith my soul, who am wholly given up in body, soul, and spirit, to do His will. And why is not His just witness in each of your hearts permitted to say Amen also?

Whereupon the power of God went over him, and he was turned out of the court.

The Lord showed himself indeed to be govenor of the prison; and He gave His servants dominion over this wicked spirit, with the reward of heavenly peace and sweetness for our faithful labor. Glory be to his name forever!

On the 12th of the fourth month 1843, a Friend came and told me of a remarkable service in the youths' Meeting, against a kingdom of Antichrist that day, in William Street: on hearing which the Spirit of God came upon me.

We were walking in the yard, where some of the prisoners were looking on a man who was employed in making a frame-work for a large bell and clock, to be put up in front of my prison-house; and the Lord showed me that the bell was cursed, and the clock also is cursed, being man's invention, whose choice is to live without Him in the world, neglecting the grace of God which is able to teach us how to spend every moment to His glory and our peace. JOSHUA JACOB.

THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.

The subjoined extract of a characteristic letter from John Adams, describing a scene in the first Congress in Philadelphia, in September, 1774, shows very clearly on what power the mighty men of old rested their cause. Mr. A. thus writes to a friend at the time:

'When the Congress met, Mr. Cushing made a motion that it should be opened with prayer. It was opposed by Mr. Jay, of New York, and Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, because we were so divided in religious sentiments, some Episcopalians, some Quakers, some Anabaptists, some Presbyterians, and some Congregationalists, that we could not join the same act of worship. Mr. Samuel Adams arose and said that he was no bigot, and could hear a prayer from any gentleman of piety and virtue who was at the same time a friend to his country. He was a stranger in Philadelphia, but had heard that Mr. Duche, (Dushay they pronounced it,) deserved that character, and therefore he moved that Mr. Duche, an Episcopal clergyman, might be desired to read prayers to the Congress to-morrow morning. The motion was seconded, and passed in the affirmative. Mr. Randolph our President, waited on Mr. Duche, and received for answer, that if his health would permit he certainly would. Accordingly, next morning he appeared with his clerk, and in his pontificals, and read several prayers in the established form, and then read the collect for the 7th day of September which was the 35th psalm. You must remember, this was the next morning after we had heard the rumor of the horrible cannonade of Boston. *It seemed as if heaven had ordained that psalm to be read on that morning.*

After this, Mr. Duche, unexpectedly to every body, struck out into an extemporary prayer which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess I never heard a better prayer, or one so well pronounced. Episcopalian as he is Dr. Cooper never prayed with such fervor, such ardor, such correctness and pathos, and in language so elegant and sublime, for America, for Congress, for the province of Massachusetts Bay, especially the town of Boston. It has had an excellent effect upon every body here. I must beg you to read that psalm. If there is any faith in the sortes Virgillianæ, or sortes Homericæ, or especially the sortes Biblicæ, it would be thought providential.'

Here was a scene worthy of the painter's art. It was in Carpenter's Hall in Philadelphia, a building which (we learn by a recent article,) still survives in its original condition, though now sacrilegiously converted, we believe, into an auction mart for the sale of chairs and tables, that the 44 individuals met to whom this service was read.

Washington was kneeling there and Henry, and Randolph, and Rutledge, and Lee, and Jay, and by their side there stood bowed in reverence, the Puritan patriots of New England, who at that moment had reason to believe that an armed soldiery was wasting their humble households. It was believed that Boston had been bombarded and destroyed. They prayed fervently for America, for the Congress, for the province of Massachusetts Bay, and especially for the town of Boston; and who can realize the emotions with which they turned imploringly to Heaven for divine interposition and aid? 'It was enough' says Mr. Adams, 'to melt a heart of stone. I saw the tears gush into the eyes of the old, grave, pacific Quakers of Philadelphia.'

ORTHODOX BIGOTRY AT CHELTENHAM.

An event has occurred at Cheltenham which is directing public attention to the question of Unitarianism, and it is hoped will be the means of promoting an inquiry into the subject in all its bearings. An excellent and well-supported benefit society held their usual anniversary on Whit Monday last. A number of persons were elected to fill various offices, and among others the office of president. To this office there were various candidates, and the ballot was declared in favor of Mr. T. Creed. The society meet at the infant-school, and has several honorary members, and among the number the Rev. F. Close, A. M., the incumbent of the parish. On the Whit Tuesday following, a vestry meeting was held for the purpose of making a church-rate. The motion was opposed by Dissenters, Mr. T. Creed among the rest. The clerical and lay orthodox *honorary* members now discovered (awful fact!) that they had elected as president a Dissenter—the librarian of the Unitarian chapel—a believer 'in the deadly heresy of Socinianism.' This was not to be borne. The incumbent intimated that if such a personage was allowed to hold office he would deprive them of the use of the room, and withdraw himself and all the orthodox *honorarys* from the society. Sixteen persons, principally in the pay of the incumbent, called a meeting in furtherance of this last object, but the good sense of nearly 400 members triumphantly refuted their

intentions. The event attracted numbers to the Unitarian chapel on Sunday last. Two excellent and eloquent discourses were preached on the occasion by the Rev. J. Cordner, of Belfast, on the right of private judgment and the blighting influence of orthodoxy, which was well calculated to remove the erroneous impressions respecting Unitarian views. The *Chattenham Free Press*, an independent and long-established advocate of the principles of Nonconformity, inserted on Saturday last a letter from Mr. T. Greed, containing a full statement of the facts.—*London Inquirer.*

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, AUGUST 12, 1843.

THE POSITION AND DUTIES OF THE NORTH WITH REGARD TO SLAVERY.

We inserted last week a communication from a correspondent C. K. W., containing strictures on some editorial remarks made by us upon this subject two or three weeks since. We wish to say a word or two in reply, which the lateness of the hour at which the communication was received prevented our doing last week. We have not, as our correspondent seems to suppose, just 'seriously begun to recognize and acknowledge as truths,' the principles we alluded to in regard to our duties and relations to Slavery. From the time that we were capable of forming any opinion upon the subject we have entertained these views, 'recognised and acknowledged' these truths,—have preached them and acted upon them whenever we saw fitting occasion so to do.

It was not our purpose or intention to do injustice to the 'Abolitionists' in the remark that they 'had overlooked the claims of the master in the rights of the slave.' Nor do we perceive that we have. We cannot pretend to be such thorough masters of all that has been written upon this subject as C. K. W., but we have read some of the 'writings' he enumerates; we have heard George Thompson and some other 'prominent abolitionists' lecture; we subscribe to one Anti-Slavery newspaper, which we read with some attention, and through our exchanges, have an opportunity of reading the others. We are well aware that it is contended in these publications and with a weighty show 'of reasoning and facts' that the 'planter's pecuniary interests would be favored by immediate emancipation.' We suppose it would be so in the end. Slavery is a social evil, a palsy upon the industry, enterprise and progress of the community. A slave-holding community must be stationary. It cannot advance in wealth, because it cannot advance in that intelligent and wise application of labor which is the source of wealth. Upon the question as to the comparative prosperity and advantages of a slave-holding and non slave-holding community, we suppose there can be no difference of opinion among intelligent men. But does this disprove what we said? We did not say that the abolitionists had overlooked the interests of society, but the claims of the masters. The claim of the masters is a claim of *property*, which, as we understand, the abolitionists refuse to recognise. Our correspondent himself says in his communication—'the principle, agreement to which constitutes a man technically an abolitionist is, slave-holding is invariably a sin, and ought, in every instance, to be immediately abandoned.' Does not this declaration justify all that we said; that the abolitionists overlook the claims of the masters, regard the question in its ethical aspect, and aim to accomplish their object through the operation of the highest and holiest principles, the operation of truth upon the conscience? The abolitionist says to the slave-holder—'you have no right to hold your slaves as property; in the sight of God they are not and cannot be made property. It is invariably a sin in you to hold them as such. You must give them up; you ought to give them up, and we will not cease to lift up our voice against you, and do what we can to induce or compel you to give them up.' He attempts to prove to him indeed that it is for his interest to give them up; that free-labor is more productive than slave-labor; but he refuses to recognize the claim of property, which under the constitution and laws the slave-holder sets up. This was what we meant (as is evident from our article) by the claims of the masters and by the abolitionists overlooking them. We do not perceive therefore that our correspondent has put us in error upon this point, or proved that we have formed our opinion from popular rumor or hearsay evidence. We thank him for enabling us to quote his own article in support of what we said.

We called this a high and holy principle, that man could not rightfully and innocently be held, and ought not to be held as property by a fellow man. Our correspondent seems to think it 'queer' that men should be complained of for acting upon high and holy principles and 'incongruous' that such principles should terminate in a physical struggle. For ourselves we do not perceive this incongruity. As we read the history of the world, we find that many of the fiercest struggles between mankind have arisen from the assertion and maintenance of high and holy principles in opposition to wrong and sin, and we see nothing 'incongruous' in the supposition or opinion that such may be case again. If we mistake not some scenes of violence and bloodshed have already occurred in the land, having their origin in this matter, and if as we said 'abolitionism,' (i. e., the immediate and uncompensated release of the slave,) 'be carried forward and carried out,' we see nothing 'incongruous' in supposing that these scenes may be more frequent and a general struggle ensue. Our correspondent finds his incongruity in misapplying our words. We said nothing about the 'highest and holiest principles terminating, as their legitimate operation only in a physical struggle.' We said that the abolitionists 'aimed to accomplish their object through the operation of the highest and holiest principles,—meaning of course, their appeal to the conscience of the slave-holder, in the declaration that slaveholding is a sin,—and subsequently we said 'that abolitionism if carried forward and carried out would end in a physical struggle.' Now it not unfrequently happens, that a cause may have a high and holy principle lying at the bottom of it, while through the measures taken and the efforts made to carry out that cause and establish that principle, bad passions may be excited in the minds of those who contend for it, and their motives and feelings and conduct may lose something of their original purity and loftiness. Bad passions also will be excited in the minds of those opposed to the cause, the object to be accomplished, and thus a struggle ensue. This was what we meant, and if our correspondent had had as much candor as we suppose he has sense, he would have perceived that this was our meaning, and instead of talking about 'incongruity,' would have considered the real merits of the question,—what is the best way of aiming to effect the abolition of slavery in this country?

Our correspondent thinks it 'queer' that we should complain that the abolitionists have 'aimed to accomplish their object at once through the operation of the highest and holiest principles.' Our meaning in this passage can be easily gathered from the general tenor and purport of our article, but to prevent one who chose to cavil at our precise expressions, we ought perhaps to have inserted some qualifying word, such as solely or principally,—'principally through the operation' &c. We did not complain that the abolitionists assert that slavery is a sin and a wrong. We would have this principle asserted and maintained, as is evident from our own remarks. We complained only of their relying upon this principle to accomplish an object, which cannot be peaceably accomplished without the co-operation of others, who do not and cannot easily be brought to acknowledge this principle. To approach our southern fellow citizens with the language of rebuke and condemnation as sinners and wrong doers; like the Pharisees of old, to lay upon them this heavy burden while we lift not a finger ourselves to aid or relieve them, does not seem to us so wise or Christian, so likely to remove the evil or accomplish the object at which we aim, as to approach them with the language of sympathy, and an offer to share and to share largely with them in whatever sacrifices must be made to remove this reproach from our land. This was the whole gist of our remarks,—that while maintaining the moral evil and wrong of slavery, and expressing our regret, that our southern brethren would not so regard it, and of themselves do what is right, we should yet meet them on their own ground, and admitting their legal property in their slaves, show them our sincerity and our earnestness in this cause, by offering to pay for this property, and thus give freedom to those whom they hold in bondage. If our correspondent sees anything 'queer' in this, we have only to rejoice that his vision is so much clearer than our own.

PROTESTANTISM—SECTARIAN DIVISIONS AND CONTENTIONS.

'I don't think much of Protestantism,' said a friend to us the other day,—'I am sick of sectarian strife and contention, of sectarian exhibitions of the religious life and character. If the state of things that now exists is the legitimate effect of religious freedom, if this is the result and necessary tendency of Protestantism, let us have again the quiet ascendancy and controlling authority of the Church of Rome.' We were not much surprised to hear this remark, knowing as we did the character of our friend. We are not surprised that some persons of mild and gentle temper, who long for rest and peace, and never look far beneath the surface of society, should be disposed to think 'the former days were better than these,' or at least, regard any thing as better than the restlessness, fanaticism, and sectarianism of the present day. The re-action in favor of Church authority, which manifests itself in various portions of the community, the favor which the doctrine, that the Church should determine and control the faith of the individual, is beginning to find a gain in some minds, may undoubtedly be traced to this source. But the other side of the question ought not to be overlooked or disregarded. When we are annoyed and disgusted by the party spirit which rages in the Christian world, and are led to lament the evils of sects and the unhappy influence, which in the present relations subsisting between them, they exert upon the progress of truth, and the full development of the Christian character, we ought to bear in mind the conditions to which we must submit, if we would have these things suppressed. Uniformity of opinion and worship, produced and enforced by authority, civil or ecclesiastical, is a state of things infinitely worse. The wildest excitements, the strongest developments of fanatical enthusiasm are better than the total apathy and deadness of an imposed and commanded uniformity. We experience the evils of sectarianism, and they are annoying enough, it must be admitted; but one great overshadowing hierarchy, whose domineering priests lorded it over God's heritage, whose tyrannical Church put fetters upon the conscience and the mind, would not better our condition. If we consider slavery the lowest and most unfortunate external condition in which humanity can be placed, surely slavery of the mind, the vassalage of thought and conscience in matters of religious faith is the lowest conceivable grade, the most unfortunate spiritual condition in which the soul can be placed. Tares and wheat are sown together in the field of the world; good and evil mingle in every thing,—but we cannot doubt, though some evils may have accompanied it, that that great reformation which unsealed the Bible, and let out the light of its truths to shine far and wide along the way-sides of life, and into the hearts and homes of men, has, on the whole, abounded in good, and been rich in blessings and benefits to mankind.

For the Register and Observer.

SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION.

On Wednesday afternoon, August 2d, a Rural Entertainment was given to the children of the Sunday School connected with the North Society in Salem, under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. Brazer, in which the whole Society united. Invitations were extended to many friends and to the Sunday School Teachers of all the Unitarian Societies in the city, and also to the Pastors and Teachers of the Societies in the neighboring towns of Lynn, Danvers, Marblehead, and Beverly. The presence of nearly all these guests, called forth many expressions of kindly welcome and cordial feeling.

Although the morning broke amid a dense fog, which, for many hours, cast a cold and cheerless aspect over the whole face of nature, yet at noon, the sun pierced, with his enlivening beams, the misty clouds which had so long obscured his brightness, and soon diffused his genial heat through the chill atmosphere.

The place selected for the Entertainment was at Orne's Point, in North Salem, at a convenient distance for a pleasant walk or ride from the city; a spot which in natural beauty and loveliness, is not surpassed by any in the vicinity, affording the pleasant variety of hill and dale, shady grove and verdant lawn, with the beautiful North River washing its very borders.

About two o'clock the company consisting of the members of the Society and the invited guests, began to assemble at the delightful summer residence of Pickering Dodge, Esq., who kindly threw open his beautiful grounds for their accommodation, and in half an hour, a procession was formed by the children, accompanied by the Salem Band, to escort them to the Grove where seats had been provided, and the exercises for the occasion were immediately commenced. Hon. Leverett Saltonstall presiding. As this meeting had been designed for Social enjoyment rather than *direct* religious instruction, these exercises were short, the whole occupying not more than an hour. Indeed it could hardly be expected that *young hearts* could resist the temptation of the beautiful scenery about them, and remain *long* in the attitude of listeners. Here, under the broad canopy of Heaven, amid the leafy bowers, now and then vocal with the melody of birds, and by the side of the bright blue waters, arose the voice of prayer from the lips of the Pastor, invoking a blessing on his much-loved people and cherished Sunday School, and on all those friends and fellow-Christians who by their presence had so kindly expressed their interest in the occasion. A hymn was then sung to the tune, 'Away with melancholy,' after which Dr. Holyoke, the Superintendent of the Sunday School, offered a few remarks respecting the object of the meeting, with many expressions of welcome and congratulation, and enforced upon the children the duty of improving their religious privileges. He then introduced Hon. Mr. Saltonstall as President of the day, who came forward and made a short address in his happiest manner, full of the warmest expressions of interest in the religious Society to which he has for forty years belonged, and in the Sunday School in which he labored as Superintendent for the first ten years of its existence. He rejoiced in the occasion of meeting so many friends and fellow-worshippers of his own and sister Churches, believing that it would be productive of the happiest results in promoting a kind and social feeling throughout our religious community. After this address, another hymn was sung, and then the company dispersed to entertain themselves as they were disposed, and the children engaged in the amusements which had been provided for them, until the time for Collation, when all again assembled, and proceeded to the tables which had been bountifully supplied, and tastefully arranged in a shady Grove at a little distance from the spot where the exercises were performed. After a blessing had been invoked by Rev. Mr. Thayer of Beverly, and all had partaken of the refreshments so liberally provided, before leaving the tables, an original hymn, written for the occasion by Rev. Dr. Flint of Salem, was sung to the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne,' and addresses made by Hon. S. C. Philips, Superintendent of the Barton Square Sunday School in Salem, and Rev. Mr. Thayer. These were followed by another original song written by Dr. A. Nichols of Danvers. A closing prayer was offered by Mr. Pierpont, now supplying the vacant pulpit of the late Rev. Wm. G. Swett of Lynn; a Doxology to the tune of 'Old Hundred was sung,' and the benediction pronounced, when the company began to wend their way homewards, some on foot and some in carriages, all well pleased with the afternoon's excursion, the good results of which we trust to see in a stronger attachment to our common faith, and in the strengthening of that bond of Christian sympathy and love which knits all to each and each to all.

We copy the following original hymns sung on the occasion.

HYMN—BY REV. DR. FLINT.

(*To be sung at the Table.*)

Here like the birds that wander free,
Warbling their woodland lays,
We, Heavenly Father sing to thee
Our grateful song of praise.

The happy minstrels of the air
That on thy bounty live,
With songs repay thy loving care,
'Tis all that they can give.

But we can give the loving heart,
And lift our thoughts above,
Can read that thou our Father art—
And feel that thou art love.

A table in the wilderness
Of old thy bounty spread,
When manna dropt the tribes to bless,
That cried to thee for bread.

For us, kind friends, a feast prepare
Beneath this wild wood shade,
Nor better could thy children fare
Whose food the manna made.

Never, like them, may we be heard
To murmur or repine;
Still may we heed thy holy word,
And form our wills to thine.

SONG—BY DR. A. NICHOLS.

CHILDREN.

The child is like a tiny boat,
Upon the changeful sea—
Now, on fair summer waves afloat,
It dances merrily:
Anon on billows mountain high,
Or 'gulphed in awful deeps,
Its safety, under God, must lie
In th' watch the pilot keeps.

PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

Parents and teachers pilots are,
Their's a most precious charge,
Let them with vigilance and care
Steer well each bonny barge.
That each its port desired may reach,
Where all its dangers o'er,
Tis moored on diamond-pebbled beach—
On Heaven's all glorious shore.

CHILDREN.

Tis freighted by eternal love,
With germs of noblest powers—
With manna from the world above,
With all the wealth of ours,
And may it safely brave the storms,
O'ercome each adverse force,
And shunning all that hurts or harms,
Triumphant hold its course.

ALL PRESENT.

Till each its port desired may reach,
Where all its dangers o'er,
Tis moored on diamond-pebbled-beach—
On Heaven's all glorious shore.
Or riding on that river pure,
Which from God's throne proceeds,
Forevermore it shall endure,
An ark of righteous deeds.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE A. U. A.

Montreal, July 24th, 1843.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—In my last I stated to you the situation of our Society, its prospects as it regards a permanent supply for our pulpit from abroad, and the determination of the Society to give Mr. Lord a call; but Mr. Lord felt himself compelled to decline being considered a candidate for the office of our pastor. The Society then decided upon giving Mr. Cordner a call, and although there was not time to make out the call and have it signed by the members of our Society in season for last mail packet, I wrote to him stating that we had decided upon giving him a call, and that it would go out the next packet, and begged he would lose no time in coming to us. It is quite impossible to say, now, when he will be with us, but we hope by October.

The following is an extract of Dr. Montgomery's letter relative to Mr. Cordner.

'I can send you a young man about 27 years of age, who has been studying under Mr. Scott Porter's care and my own during the last two years, and who is in every respect, worthy to become the apostle of Canada. He is all you so well describe—'a man of talents, a good preacher, a gentleman in manners, zealous, pious, industrious, and willing to visit the poor as well as the rich.' But he is more than all this. He is an excellent scholar, well versed in theology and general literature, having his heart and soul in the work which he has undertaken. At my suggestion he gave up a respectable business to engage in study for the Unitarian ministry; and his progress in all things thus far has outrun my expectations. In recommending so excellent a young man to leave this country, I feel that I am to some extent, weakening ourselves; but your work is so interesting and may have results so important to the cause of truth, that I am desirous to send you a first rate minister as a pioneer, and one for whose character and efficiency in every way, I can pledge myself with the utmost confidence.'

I think you will say that if Mr. Cordner comes up to the description here given of him, he will prove a prize to us. And how can we doubt the recommendation of such a man as Dr. Montgomery? Mr. Lord will leave us under most favorable impressions on our part. He has aided our cause much here, and we feel under great obligations to him, and our most sincere wishes for his future prosperity will go with him. As it regards the situation of our Society, I can only say, we are determined to have a Church. We are to have an exceedingly good minister, and we are determined to have a decent place for him to preach in. Our present place is one that some who call themselves Unitarians will not condescend to come to; and we are determined to make a most strenuous effort to do away with the objection, which rests in the minds of these, inasmuch as it is an objection which exists in the minds of other persons who are not Unitarians, but who might become so if we had a respectable and permanent place to meet in. We feel so much interested in the cause of Unitarianism, that we shall almost beggar ourselves, and turn out right lusty beggars to obtain means to build us a Church. Canada must have a liberal Church, and Montreal is the central point where it is to be planted, and it will increase and from it other Churches will spring; once get a strong foothold and there is no danger. We must not only have a Church, but it must be a decent Church, and compare well with the Churches of Orthodox erection. In cities, a good deal depends upon the external appearance of a Church; and the prosperity of our Society may depend in a considerable degree upon the appearance we shall make. We shall raise $2000 or upwards among ourselves for this object; and we shall require about twice this sum to enable us to go on with the building. We shall commission Mr. Lord to preach and pray and collect for us in the United States, and England shall hear our moans; and while we are stripping ourselves for this purpose, we are circumscribing our means in the way of supporting our minister. If your Society could vote us $100 a year, until we had a building erected and paid for, it would aid us essentially. In my last I stated, that if you could let us have $300 the first year, we would not ask for more; but on further consideration, we are of the opinion that it would be better for us to receive $100 for two or three years until we can carry our building project through, and then we shall be free from all further need of assistance. Our contributions thus far for the current expenses of the present year, would leave us minus considerably over $100, but we think we shall be enabled to make up something more by additions to our numbers, so that if your Society would vote us $100 for the present year, and continue the same sum, until we saw ourselves with a Church and free from debt, we should feel under the most grateful obligation to your Association. We know that the American Unitarian Association has the cause of liberal Christianity so warmly at heart, that they will not allow so favorable an opportunity of erecting the standard of their belief in so benighted but promising a region, pass by unheeded, unnoticed. If Mr. Cordner should come out by the way of Boston, I shall request him to call upon you, to become acquainted somewhat with the ministers of Boston of our persuasion. You would confer a particular favor upon us, by noticing him, should he pass through your city. Do if possible pave the way for Mr. Lord's taking up a collection in aid of our building fund.

With the kindest consideration, I remain

Yours respectfully, W. H.

Sec'ry of the Montreal Unitarian So'cy.

We would earnestly second the appeal which is here made, by repeating to our readers that Rev. Mr. Lord, recently of Southborough in this State, who has been laboring most successfully [at Montreal will very soon be in our midst to solicit aid for the new Church. Let the edifice be reared by the united contributions of English and American Unitarians; it will be a bond of union between the two countries, but more especially between those, who, though separated by an ocean, rejoice in the same precious faith.—*Eds.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Watertown, Mass., July 29th.

My attention was arrested, a short time since, by a piece in an Orthodox paper, charging Unitarians with indifference in regard to extending their doctrine, and accusing them of coldness in their worship and nelgect of the duties of the sanctuary, remarking that it is hard for a Unitarian to sit during a *second* service and that a third meeting or lecture on the evening of the Sabbath would be beyond endurance. Having expressed his utter abhorrence of our creed, the writer adds, 'a religion so cold and indifferent in itself, *needeth* no condemnation, for it is already condemned *in* itself.' Although our Orthodox brother has misrepresented us in his charges, yet every candid Unitarian must acknowledge that he is in *part* correct. We *are* indifferent in the great and holy work of spreading the Gospel and carrying tidings of great joy to all mankind. When told of our serious neglect of duty, we are too apt to place the responsibility on the clergy. This is *unjust;* it is the *laity* who are responsible. The minister may spend a whole life in *telling* us our duty, but unless we lift up our hands to *do* our duty, his ministry is like seed sown by the wayside, and scattered on the rocks, it is lost. We are often told from the pulpit of the importance of the missionary enterprise, of thousands who have never been within reach of the sound of Unitarian preaching, who are eager to drink in our views, yea, who are loudly calling to us for the Gospel as it is in Jesus; of others, whose minds have become tainted with prejudice, and *who* knowing nothing of us except by *report*, brand us as infidels, and are (unconsciously perhaps) crying down the beautiful religion of Jesus Christ, while they rush blindly on to destruction themselves. We are told too of thousands who are groping their way through heathen darkness, not knowing of the Savior, and unacquainted with the existence of the Bible. While we are within the sound of our pastor's voice, perhaps our sympathies are aroused, and we feel how great are the advantages we enjoy over our brethren in the woods of the far West; and while sitting in our comfortable and beautiful temples, our minds will wander to the little groups, who have come in from all quarters to worship in temples whose walls are the mighty oaks and whose covering is the vast canopy of heaven. We see them without pastor or leader at their devotions, earnestly praying 'thy kingdom come,' and for the *time* our hearts are touched. But it is for the moment only; as we return to our home everything is forgotten in the accomplishment of our own selfish plans, and when called upon for aid in this enterprise, though our store-houses be piled with the good things of this world, and it is in our power to do much for these souls, that are 'hungering and thirsting after righteousness,' the remembrance of them has passed from our minds and our hearts are shut up against them. It is not strange then, that those who regard us with distrust should accuse us of indifference. We do too much resemble the young man who came to Jesus to know what he should do to inherit eternal life. When told to go and give our *possessions* to the poor, we go away exceeding *sorrowful*, for many of us have great possessions. God be praised that we *are* waking up, that the missionary call does no longer pass unheeded, and we will trust that the time is fast approaching, when we shall no longer be *justly* accused of indifference in the Lord's work, but that we shall be an example of *good works* for others to follow.

We must plead guilty in *part* also to the charge of neglecting the duties of the sanctuary. How often is it that our seat is vacant in the after part of the day, with no better excuse than the weather, too warm or too cold, and when nature places it out of our power to find fault with the day; our plea too often is, the minister is dull and uninteresting. Thus it is that Sabbath after Sabbath our seat is empty with these foolish excuses. *No* minister is so dull and *none* so uninteresting, but that some good may be derived from what he says, and we had better be engaged in our devotions at Church, than spending our time idly at home. With regard to a *third* service, many of us never attended one, our hearts are set against it and we *try* to believe an evening meeting to be something horrible, and when mentioned, we take a decided stand against it. Though we all of us must disapprove of a multiplicity of meetings during the week, which cause a neglect of domestic duties, (our Orthodox brethren would do well to think of this,) yet none of us can deny that a meeting on Sunday is otherwise than healthy to the soul. And we should all of us impress it more on our minds, that unless we improve the talents given into our keeping, and fearlessly and boldly acknowledge the Lord Jesus Christ, and engage with our whole heart and soul and might in the work given us to do, we cannot expect to enjoy the presence of our Heavenly Father and the Lamb in the eternal world.

Yours, L.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A Discourse preached at Lancaster, Sunday March 19th, 1843, at the Funeral of Deacon Samuel T. White, by Edmund Sears, Minister of the Congregational Church, in Lancaster. Published by Request. Boston: B. H. Greene, 1843.

This is an interesting and appropriate Discourse from the passages recorded in Exodus, xxxiii. 18-23, and John xiii. 7. The purpose of the Sermon is to set forth a law of Divine Providence reflected with consolation and heavenly hope to every believer, viz., 'that all the events of human probation while in the future they look dark, threatening and doubtful, appear brightly in the past.' This law Mr. Sears illustrates, 1st, from Gods operations in our outward and worldly affairs, 2d, in the afflictions and sorrows of life, and 3d, in the event of death. In speaking upon this last point, he says:

'Nevertheless, there are certain gloomy imaginings that gather around that point which divides this from the spiritual world. We are apt to conceive that the change from physical to spiritual existence is awful and mysterious; that the spirit goes naked and trembling before some dread outward tribunal; that new and awful scenes burst so suddenly upon her that she is overwhelmed; that there is a dark and terrific valley through which she must pass. When we are to leave this world we seem about to be treading into a dread unknown, where strange and mysterious prospects will burst upon our vision. We may argue quite surely, from analogy, from revelation, from all the laws of Divine Providence that death is no such change as is here imagined. In all the progressive developments both in physical and mental natures there is observable a most beautiful Divine order. There is no such thing as bursting suddenly from one state into another in such a manner as to give a shock to our being and break up rudely all connexion of our ideas and associations. No new state of existence is so strangely induced upon us as to shock and overwhelm our faculties. When the scenes of this outward world are first given to the infant eye, how softly do they lie upon it! how gradually do they woo out its unfolding faculties! So we may be quite assured do the scenes of the spiritual world lie upon the faculties of the soul new-born into eternity. Here is the same Divine order that reigns in all events and changes. From this cause, methinks, I should no more dread the changes produced by death than I should dread the changes from night to morning. The sun doth not rush down upon us in blinding splendor, but he comes through the changes of the dawn to the full and perfect day. Nor yet in the sufferings of death, considered as such, may we suppose that there is any thing terrible or mysterious. We doubtless endure more of mere physical pain a thousand times in the course of our lives than attends bodily dissolution. So that death will apppear to the pious mind, when once it has been experienced, like one of those analogous changes which we contemplate elsewhere—the breaking forth of new life from the bosom of decay. We may feel quite sure then that the same law of Divine Providence reigns here which we have traced elsewhere—that which is dark and uncertain in the future changes its aspect and appears brightly in the past. Though the Lord before us is concealed, He is revealed in all his glory through that region where He has passed along.

In alluding to the occasion of the Sermon, he thus speaks of the character of Deacon White.

In the death of Deacon Samuel F. White this church has lost a faithful and exemplary officer. The office which he held seems to have descended to him almost as an inheritance of his family through a succession of four or five generations. Thus his ancestors through a long period of years had filled the place which he held and distributed the emblems of the bread of eternal life to the church of Christ that hath worshipped here. It is but lately that we missed his presence in this house and at our table of holy communion, nor did we expect so soon to be called upon to offer this tribute of sympathy around his bier.

My acquaintance with Deacon White was too brief to attempt anything like a minute delineation of his character, nor is such my custom in this place. But we may allude briefly to its prominent features, and these could not be mistaken. Plain, honest and upright, he pursued the even tenor of his way, doing unto others in all things as he would that they should do unto him. A good neighbor, a good citizen and a good man, he lived a life of usefulness and integrity and promoted the welfare of those connected with him to the full measure of his means. As a disciple of Jesus Christ his religion showed itself more in deed than in word, more in the example and the character than in profession and zeal. Constant at the house of God, he was one of those worshippers whose seat could not be vacated here, without exciting attention and inquiry from his fellow-worshippers. When through the cold or the storm we came up to the house of God, he was among that number whom a pastor might be sure to find in their places, and whose presence was a cheering evidence that a pastor's efforts were not wasted upon the air. He belonged to that class of men on whom a religious society mostly depends for its stability and substantial prosperity, especially in times of transition and disorganization. Neither craving for excitement and novelty, nor ambitious for any other distinction than that of virtue, usefulness and mild benevolence, he aimed only at the conscientious discharge of his duties in the sphere where Providence had placed him, and in the society to which he belonged. In these days of fictitious piety, when so many are more fond of talking about their souls than putting their souls into their deeds, a man like Deacon White is one whom society can ill afford to spare. The staid and sober virtues that belong to such a character, are the ultimate foundation on which the social fabric reposes, and which preserve it in peace and security when the jar of interests, or the wind of doctrine by which men's minds are blown hither and thither, would otherwise shake and disturb it. These virtues are becoming more and more important in a religious community, as religion forsakes the regions of life and sober practice, for the heats and fantasies of morbid sentiment and imagination.

Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature. By John Kitto, Editor of The Pictorial Bible, &c., assisted by various able Scholars and Divines.

This is the first of a series of fifteen numbers, which, when completed, we should judge, would constitute a work of very great value. It is to embrace Biblical Criticism, Interpretation, *History*, Geography, Archæology and *Physical Science*. Some of the most distinguished living Biblical Scholars are contributors to the work. Each number is to contain, like the one before us, eighty octavo pages, and a map, or an engraving on steel. It is printed on the fairest paper which we have as yet seen used in any of the cheap literature of the day. The work is a republication from the English edition, and embracing, as it does, the result of recent researches, we think will be an important addition to our libraries.

Notes, Explanatory and Practical, on the Epistle to the Hebrews, by Albert Barnes. N. York: Harper & Brothers, 1843. 12 mo. pp. 335.

Mr Barnes is the most popular, and we may add one of the most enlightened of the Calvinistic commentators of the present time. His Notes to the Books of the New Testament which he has thus criticised, show many evidences of a desire to free himself from the bonds and pledges to which his creed confines him. The volume before us is not without some slight intimations of the same tendency, as they appear in the manifest sense of the difficulties of his creed, and his endeavor to reconcile Scripture with it. This volume, however, is thoroughly Calvinistic, i. e. the views of Calvin are far more prominent in its exposition than the doctrines of Jesus Christ. Mr Barnes considers Paul the author of the Epistle. He does indeed state that questions have been raised upon this point, *but without giving his readers the least intimation of the weight of the evidence against its alleged authorship.* It has been doubted from the earliest ages; the Greek Fathers are very much disagreed about it; the Latin Fathers in general reject it; its style is wholly different from that of Paul's Epistles, nor does it bear his name. On

such questions as this, we always prefer to use the concessions of those who would be inclined to take the highest ground, rather than to use language of our own. We *therefore* quote the following from no less an authority than the Oxford Tracts! (Tract No. 85, p. 78.) 'The Epistle to the Hebrews, though received in the East, was not received in the Latin Churches till St. Jerome's time, [A. D. 392.] St. Irenaeus either does not affirm, or he denies that it is St. Paul's. Tertullian [A. D. 200] ascribes it St. Barnabus. Caius [A. D. 212] excludes it from his list. St. Hippolytus [A. D. 220] does not receive it. St. Cyprian [248] is silent about it. It is doubtful whether St. Opsatus [370] received it. Now that this important Epistle is part of the inspired word of God, there is no doubt.[!] But why? Because the testimony of the fourth and fifth centuries, when Christians were at leisure to examine the question thoroughly, is altogether in its favor. I know of no other reason, and I consider this to be quite sufficient.' So says the Oxford writer, because his purpose is to show that there is as good evidence for the Apostolical authority of Episcopacy, as of this most dubious Epistle. This kind of reasoning is well enough for him, but if Mr Barnes has seen it, we should hardly think that he would be satisfied with it.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION.

The fourteenth Annual Meeting of this Association will be held in Pittsfield, Berkshire, on Tuesday, the 15th of August, and the session will continue three or four days. The attendance and co-operation of the friends of Education in that part of the country, are earnestly solicited.

The Institute was formed in 1830, by gentlemen of various professions, and from all parts of the country, who felt the need of something to awaken the public mind on the subject of Education, and to present to teachers the conclusions of thought and experience on the important work in which they are engaged. To accomplish this, it has held annually, in different parts of the Commonwealth, public meetings, at which lectures have been delivered on various topics, connected with the business of education, and questions of interest to the teacher have been discussed. As far as possible, a practical turn has been given to both these exercises, that teachers seeking for light, might return to their schools with plans and suggestions likely to aid them in the better performance of their daily duties. The attempt has been made to present the whole subject of education in its various aspects; to answer the questions,—What are the most important objects of education? What are the means best suited to attain them? What branches should be taught at the Common Schools? What are the best methods of teaching, spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, drawing, music? What are the best modes of arranging, disciplining and governing a school? How should the school-house be built and furnished? What should be the preparation of the teacher for his extensive and momentous duties?

To help to answer this last question, many distinguished men have contributed of the treasures of their learning, experience, and thought. Eminent physicians have pointed out the structure of the body and the laws of health, the importance of exercise and air, and the mutual dependence of mind and body on each other for vigorous and healthful action.

Eminent civilians have shown the importance of a knowledge of the Constitution of the Union and of the States, and of special preparation for the discharge of the duties of a citizen of a free commonwealth; and men of eminence and experience, in the clerical profession and in the higher walks of literature, have pointed out the extended relations of instruction, in almost all its forms, and insisted upon those great objects, which the teacher should always have in view.

These and many other subjects have been discussed in the lectures delivered before the Institute, as the thirteen published volumes of lectures testify.

The indirect effects of the Institute, are, perhaps, not less real nor less important; and it is not without reason that we trace, in no inconsiderable degree, to its action, the interest which is now felt in the subject of education, and the consequent improvement of the schools which has taken place within the last few years in most parts of Massachusetts. Nor have its meetings been uninteresting in a social point of view. The isolated lives of teachers have been agreeably interrupted. Feelings of sympathy and brotherhood have been developed and cultivated; and acquaintances have been formed which may be both lasting and profitable.

The exercises before the Institute, at its approaching meeting, will be similar to those of previous years. They will consist of an Introductory Address, Lectures and Discussions.

The Introductory Address will be delivered by Rev. Dr. Humphrey, President of Amherst College.

Lectures are expected from Rev. S. J. May of Lexington, Messrs. Page and Howard of Newburyport, Mr. A. Greenleaf and Rev. Mr. Choules of New York, Messrs. S. Adams and J. E. Murdoch of Boston, Prof. Agnew of New York, Mr. Hubbard of Worcester, and one or two from Dr. Lambert, upon Physiology and Anatomy, with his beautiful illustrations. Others are doubtful.

Discussions will take place upon corporal punishment, the use of the blackboard, and other subjects that may be brought forward.

For the Committee of Arrangements,
T. CUSHING, Jr.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

The Treasurer of the Sunday School Society acknowledges the receipt of Ten Dollars, contributed by the Ladies Sewing Circle in *Sterling* in May last, to constitute their Pastor, *Rev. David Fosdick*, a Life Member of the Society.

Also, Ten Dollars contributed by the Pupils of the *Bulfinch Street Sunday School*, of which Rev. F. T. Gray is Pastor, to constitute Mr *W. G. Babcock*, their Superintendent, a Life Member of the Society.

In the last No. of the Advocate of Peace, there is an interesting account of the meeting of the Anniversary of the London Peace Society, from which we make the following extract in relation to the late wars of England in the East.

HOW THE FRIENDS OF PEACE IN ENGLAND VIEW HER LATE WARS IN THE EAST.

Henry Macnamara, author of the Prize Essay on Peace, spoke to the following resolution: 'That whilst the termination of the wars in Afghanistan and China has afforded sincere pleasure to the friends of peace now assembled; and whilst they would carefully abstain from the discussion of merely political questions, they are, notwithstanding, compelled, in justice to themselves and to the cause they serve, to record their indignation and sorrow at the wanton cruelties which were added to the horrors of war, especially in the retreat of the army in Afghanistan; and to express their entire disapprobation of the votes of thanks, and other measures adopted by the Legislature of this country, to approve and applaud these transactions; and yet further, of the commencement of a new war in the territory at Scinde.'

Yes; at length I may congratulate you upon the attainment of peace. Those who are friendly to pacific principles must have received the tidings of the termination of these wars with mingled and conflicting feelings. They rejoiced that this blood-stained page of our history was closed; they grieved that it had ever been opened; they experienced pleasure at reflecting that Great Britain was no longer making criminal aggressions upon the Afghans and Chinese; they felt sorrow and shame at the deeds by which even the termination of the wars was brought about. Looking at the destruction which preceded such termination, they felt how applicable to the Britons was the remark formerly made of the Romans, 'They make a desert, and they call it peace.' I shall not endeavor to retrace the oft and well-trodden ground of the nature and causes of these wars, but shall confine myself solely to the events that immediately preceded and surrounded peace. And first, as to China. The taking of the city of Chin-kiang-foo there led to peace. When the successful soldiers entered the captured city, the scene that met their eyes was so horrible, that Lord Stanley said he would not shock the House of Commons by a recital of it. Neither would I shock you, my friends, but it is our part to probe the disease—to strip war of its glory and its tinsel, and to hold it up to the world as a demon. In that city, father had murdered son, the mother had destroyed her offspring, friend had slain friend, to avoid the implacable British foe. The Tartar chief ordered his servants to set fire to his house, and there he remained until burnt to ashes. Many of the Tartars made a pile of their effects, and on this they placed their wives, their families, and themselves, and having applied fire, they miserably perished in the flames!

However, a treaty was made, and if any thing shows the utter inefficacy of war, as a mode of *settling* and deciding a dispute, it is this treaty. The real cause of the war, whatever the ostensible one, was the opium trade; and there is not a word—not a syllable, upon this subject throughout the whole of the treaty. Thus, it is left as a cause for future wars, and it may yet involve this and succeeding generations in the work of destruction; and though peace be concluded, the effects of war remains.

We have heard of the riots in Canton. Lord Ashley, in a recent motion on the opium trade, said that the Baptists, of this country had been compelled to select an American for their missionary to Hongkong, because the criminal conduct of the English had rendered the minds of the Chinese inaccessible to the religious efforts of English teachers. And yet this war is to introduce Christianity!

Shortly after the arrival of the Govenor-General in India, he issued orders for a retreat from Afghanistan. One would have imagined a retreat to have been simply leaving a country; but no, there was destruction, ay, and more than has often been caused by an advancing army. They resembled a man, who, having received in combat a mortal wound, exerts his dying energies in inflicting a death-wound on his adversary. Their departure from Cabul was preceded by the destruction of the bazaar in that city—a building venerable for its antiquity, but still more for its objects. It was devoted to commerce, and therefore to peace. It was the emporium of the trade of Central Asia; there men assembled together; there they felt the connection and dependency which exist among the members of the vast human family. Cabul, itself, the pride of Asia, that but a year before boasted of 60,000 inhabitants, is now almost a ruin. How indiscriminate is vengeance; above all, a soldier's vengeance! Not content with destroying the fortifications of war, he levels with the ground even the temples of peace, and sweeps away in his wrath the innocent together with the guilty. After the juncture of the forces under Generals Pollock and Nott, we are told 'all was pillage, havoc, and unsparing slaughter. The most perfect discipline was maintained; but it seemed to be desired that no bounds, consistent with the preservation of order, should be set to the vengeance of the troops. General M'Caskill and his forces turned out of their way to attack Istalif, in the province of Kohistan. This strong city contained at the time 15,000 inhabitants. The resistance was not such as to infuriate the assailants; but having captured the town, it was ordered to be set on fire in several places.' 'For two days,' says an eye-witness, 'the place was given up to fire and sword. . . All the bitterness of hatred was shown. . . Not a man was spared, with or without arms; not a prisoner taken; hunted down like vermin. . . Mercy was never dreampt of. Verily we have been avenged. Wherever the dead body of an Afghan was found, the Hindoo sepoy set fire to his clothes, that the curse of a 'burnt father' might attach to his children.' Many wounded were thus burnt to death.

Is it thus we, a professedly civilized nation, imitate barbarians? Why was this attack made? Was it for the sake of blood, or was it to operate as a safety-valve for the roused passions of the soldiers? Yet, for such things, the Legislature offer thanks! Not a dissentient voice was raised against this vote; not an archbishop or a bishop was heard to raise his voice against bloodshed. Some justified the second attack on the Afghans for the sake of rescuing the prisoners; but if so, observe, first, how far the acts of the forces exceeded this object; and secondly, what an unjustifiable war has proceeded from it. I mean the attack upon the Ameers of Scinde. Having an immense army of reserve assembled, Lord Ellenborough thought it his time to enforce his claims. He demanded territory along the banks of the Indus to the extent of 700 miles, and free navigation of that river. The Ameers resisted. They were overcome; 5000 were slain; their princes are prisoners; their city is seized and despoiled; and but for the declaration of the Duke of Wellington, I might add their territory is annexed to our own. That powerful organ, the *Times* Journal, I rejoice to say, has lately treated of such events as they deserve. The number for April 17, 1843, has these remarks; 'Scinde as well as Afghanistan, has now learnt that as sure as the first swallow is a sign of summer, the first Englishman is an omen of spoliation and war.'

REV. DR. GREENWOOD.

We look to one of his contemporaries to furnish us with a full biographical and obituary notice of the late Dr. Greenwood. Meanwhile, we cannot forbear to express our own sympathy in the loss, which has befallen our Zion, in the removal of this faithful servant of Christ, this devoted minister of his Gospel, who held a large place in the affections, confidence and unqualified respect of those who knew him, who adorned his profession by apostolic graces of character and deportment, by constantly increasing stores of sacred learning and by faithful industry. An invalid almost from the hour that he entered the ministry, there were departments of professional labor, which his health and strength did not permit him to pursue with the zeal and devotedness that mark the ministerial course of others; and undoubtedly the good he might have done by the influence of his high and pure personal character, was diminished by his inability through ill-health and a feeble physical frame to make frequent pastoral visits. But, though struggling ever with bodily weakness he was industrious and faithful; and when we review his intellectual labors, when we gather up all that has proceeded from his pen, all the fruits of his mind, that he has given to his people and the world, it will be admitted that he was faithful, laborious and devoted, and has left a rich legacy of wisdom and instruction, that will cause his memory to be fondly cherished and his name to be highly honored among the clergy of New England, and enable him though dead to speak to many hearts.

He was distinguished for a mingled dignity, gentleness and independence of character. Nothing could be more modest, unassuming, graceful than his general demeanour,—no man could be more firm, bold, unshrinking, where convictions of truth and duty made him deem it necessary. His mind was of a high order, and united qualities that are seldom found in close connexion; a sound and comprehensive judgment, a power of nice analysis and discrimination, a poetic imagination and quick and tender feelings. He was remarkable for his just and faithful exposition of Christian morality. Few preachers ever united, in their discourses, so much wise, practical, ethical instruction, with so much deep and tender pathos. Yet there was nothing of glare or show or parade about the man, and his preaching perhaps, more than is usually the case, needed to be listened to habitually to estimate aright its excellence and efficacy,—its power to reach the deep places of the heart and calmly and quietly lead it in the way of everlasting life.

Prevented for many months previous to his death from standing in the pulpit, he has yet preached daily to his family and friends, to all who have seen and known him, in the meekness and cheerfulness of his spirit, in his calm submission to God, his lofty faith in Christ, his hope full of immortality. Calm, peaceful, resigned, in the meridian of life, but with the great work of life well done, he has gone down to the grave—'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.'

WORCESTER WEST ASSOCIATION.

The next meeting of this Association will be holden at the house of Rev. Mr Alden, in South Brookfield, on Monday, August 14, at 5 o'clock. Public services the next day at 11 A. M.

C. BRADFORD, *Scribe.*

FRANKLIN EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION.

This Association will meet at the house of the Rev. D. Huntington in Hadley, on Monday, August 14.

By order of the Scribe.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Hon. John Quincy Adams.—This venerable Patriot and Statesman has lately visited the Western parts of New York State, and extended his journey to Canada. Wherever he went he was received with the greatest respect, and the highest attentions were shown him. Both in Canada, and in the towns and cities through which he passed in New York State, there was a spontaneous and most hearty expression of respect and attachment, from all, of whatever sect or party. When we consider that this was not done by interested hangers-on and expectants of Government favor, but was simply the out-pouring of the feelings of respect and gratitude towards a great and good man, for services long since rendered to his country and mankind, it may really be regarded as a *triumph;* and to him must have been unspeakably more gratifying than all the shouts and applauses (of questionable sincerity) that could possibly be given to men of high office and power from whom favors could be hoped. The honors bestowed on him had no base alloy of selfishness. They were the tribute of the heart.

Attempt to Assassinate the Postmaster General.—We are told by the Baltimore Patriot, of the 3d inst. that a young man by the name of J. McLean Gardiner attempted, on the 2d inst., to assassinate Mr. Wickliffe, by stabbing, on board the Steamboat Georgia, one of the Baltimore and Norfolk Line.

The Atlas, in giving the facts of the case, says:—

The young man who committed this outrage is said to be insane, as every body is, now a-days, who commits any crime. The more heinous the crime the clearer is the evidence of insanity.

We have little doubt that if the crimes charged to 'insanity' were all punished with *certain* imprisonment for life, that the new patients would dwindle to a very small number, in the course of one or two years.

Mauvais's Comet at Nantucket.—A remote telescopic Comet, discovered in May last by Mauvais at the Paris observatory, and seen by the Faunholer Equatorial at Philadelphia on the 22d ultimo, was observed here, for the first time, after a long succession of hazy evenings, on the 3d instant, at 11 P. M. Its position was on the southern edge of the wing of Pegasus, in 23 hours 24 minutes of Right Ascension, and 2 degrees and 5 minutes of North declination, as rudely determined by a celestial globe, without correction, the comet being too faint for the application of instruments. Its nearest point to the sun, according to the elements computed by the Director of the Hamburg Observatory, lies beyond the orbit of Mars, and its present distance from the sun is twice that of the earth. It is fast moving to the south, and must soon defy the power of the best adapted telescope.

The evening of the third was also distinguished for meteors. A large one in the southeastern part of the heavens which left, for some seconds, a conspicuous train, exploded near the star Algeneb at 10 hours, 31 minutes, 15 seconds.—*Nantucket Inquirer.*

Great Indian Council.—We learn from the Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligencer, of the 15th, that the great Indian Council at Tah-le-quah, in the Cherokee Nation, closed its deliberations on the 3d instant. Delegates from the Cherokees, Creek, Chickasaw, Delaware, Shawnee, Piankasha, Wea, Osage, Seneca, Stockbridge, Ottawa, Chippewa, Peoria, Witchetah, Pottowatome, and Seminole tribes, were present. The result of their deliberations was a compact, binding upon each nation, party thereto, embracing the following objects: To maintain peace and friendship among each other. To abstain from retaliation for offences committed by individuals. To provide for the improvement of their people in Agriculture, Manufactures, and other arts of peace. That no nation, party to this compact, shall, without the consent of the whole, sell, cede or in any manner alienate to the United States any part of their present Territory. To provide for the punishment of crimes, committed by the citizens of one nation, upon the citizens of another. To admit the citizens of one nation to citizenship in any other nation, party to the compact. To endeavor to suppress the use of ardent spirits within the limits of their respective nations; and to prohibit its introduction by the citizens of one nation into the Territory of another.

Lumber Trade.—The Americans are driving business on the St. John River. A letter in the Bangor Whig, dated St. John, says the first rafts which have come down belong to Mr Frost, of Bangor. 'They are the finest timber I have seen. One raft averaged over 22 inches, and I am told that none of the timber from the Aroostook will fall short of 20 inch. About thirty thousand tons will come down from the Aroostook, belonging principally to Messrs Cary & Frost, and I am told is the best lot of ton timber ever brought to this market at one time. This timber was cut principally upon the lands belonging to Massachusetts.—*Atlas.*

Braman's Baths.—We have frequently adverted to the neatness and good order of the arrangements at Mr. Braman's bath houses, for salt water bathing and swimming. A careful and skilful instructer is employed to give lessons to learners, and almost any person of good constitution and ordinary muscular ability may acquire this necessary art in a few weeks, or perhaps in a few days.

The luxury of sea bathing need hardly be spoken of in the first week of August. The arrangements at Mr. Braman's establishment are as extensive as they are neat and convenient.—*Daily Advertiser.*

More Bibles Burned.—The Protestant Vindicator contains a letter from a clergyman in Mexico, N. Y., in which he states that the ladies of his charge furnished all the Roman Catholic families within their bounds with copies of the Bible, which they received with readiness; but as soon as the priest came, the Bibles were all collected together and publicly burned in the streets.

FOREIGN.

We give the following additional extracts from papers received by the Acadia.

A good deal of feeling was manifested in the British Parliament, on the question of making a provision for the husband of the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, and of paying a salary to the King of Hanover. Mr Hume opposed this motion with all his might. The claim was placed on the ground that George the Third, shortly after his accession to the Throne, surrendered to the Parliament the immense hereditary revenues of the Crown, upon consideration that an adequate civil list should be secured to him and his successors, and that the junior members of the Royal Family should be suitably provided for. The King faithfully fulfilled his part of the bargain. The hereditary revenues have, for 80 years and more, formed part of the public income. The King of Hanover claims his British revenue as a part of his patrimony, secured to him by his father—a patrimony over which the Parliament has no more rightful power than it has over the Duke of Devonshire's estate.—*Atlas.*

Russia.—By an Imperial ukase, published at St. Petersburgh, all Jews residing within fifty wersts of the frontier lines of Prussia and Austria, are ordered to proceed more into the interior. Those who possess habitations and property within that range are required to sell them within two years.

The celebrated Field Marshal Count Wittgenstein, died at St. Petersburg on the 16th ultimo, at the advanced age of 87. He was, as will be remembered, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies during nearly the whole of the late French war, and enjoyed the confidence of the late Emperor Alexander, perhaps, in a higher degree than any other of that monarch's ministers or warriors. The Emperor, upon being informed of it, gave immediate orders that the whole Russian army should wear mourning for three days.

Wales, which was in a state of rioting when the last steamer left, though still considerably excited, is at present comparatively quiet. But the corn trade continues very depressed, the people are only half employed and barely fed, Chartistism has taken deep root amongst them, and the new poor law still excites their hostility.

Nearly one million persons have passed through the Thames Tunnel since it was opened on the twenty-fifth of March.

The Rev. Orville Dewey, of New York, now on a visit to England, has occupied the pulpits of several Unitarian chapels in and near London.

The Ashburton Treaty.—There existed some apprehension, among the Anti-Slavery Society, that the article providing for the surrender of criminals might be observed in reference to slaves escaping from the United States to Canada, but this has been set aside by Lord Ashburton publicly declaring that a 'slave arriving in the British territories never can be claimed, or rendered liable to any personal service.'

When Father Mathew was at York, he was asked whether if a person took the pledge he would be expected to abstain from the use of wine at the Lord's Supper; to which the Rev. gentleman at once replied—'Of course not: the abstinence is is only from wine as a beverage.'

The will of Robert Southey, (the poet laureate,) late of Keswick, in the county of Cumberland, has just issued under seal of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The executors named are Henry Herbert Southey (the brother) and Henry Taylor. After desiring that he may be decently buried, he directs that £2000 be invested in the funds, and the interest paid to his wife, Caroline Southey. The remainder of his property to be equally divided between his four children—Charles Cuthbert Southey, Edith Mary Warter, Bertha Hill, and Katherine Southey. The property is sworn under £12,000.

The decision of the Judges affirming the invalidity of mixed marriages performed by Presbyterian ministers has produced the expected consternation in the North of Ireland. In the General Assembly, on Monday, a committee was appointed to draw up a series of resolutions, and petitions to both Houses of Parliament on the subject; next day the resolutions were adopted, and a deputation was appointed to proceed to London and take active steps to procure redress.

Later from Hayti and Jamaica.—Advices from Cape Haytien are four days later, and from Kingston, Jamaica, ten days later.

The following is from the Jamaica Despatch of the 11th ult:

By an arrival from Hayti, we learn that a French Admiral, with five ships, comprising two fifties, a sloop of war, brig, and a schooner, had arrived there. The precise object of this visit is not generally known; but coupling it with the late transactions there, but little doubt can be entertained on the subject. We are aware of the fact of France having been solicited to take Hayti under her protection, or, in other words, the Haytians are wishful to return to their allegiance; and we know that dispatches were sent to France some time ago by the French Commander-in-Chief in these seas for instruction. By the treaty with France, Hayti is bound to pay a heavy sum for her independence; and, if we mistake not, she is about to pay the penalty of the bond. One of the fifties will be down today, when probably we shall hear more about it.

China.—By the latest accounts from China we learn, that the American merchants at that port are expecting with anxiety the imposition of a duty on Teas by our Government. Every shipper takes a cargo expecting to get in just before a duty is laid, and so sell his Teas at higher prices. The exports to the United States during the preceding nine months had been 14,000,000 pounds; to Great Britain, 35,000,000.

We are told also that a great desire is expressed for a Minister from the United States, to look after American interests, and take the part of a friend and adviser to the Chinese Government, in which capacity he might be greatly useful. Complaint is made that the British Envoy is permitted to take the whole of the funds paid for the satisfaction of losses by the riots in Canton last December, dividing it among his own countrymen, while Americans and others must await future payments. So the funds provided to pay the debts of the insolvent Chinese Hongs, or great merchants. The writer adds:

'To these another and perhaps much more important might be added. China, after her late adversities, will feel the need of a friend among maritime Powers. The United States might be that friend. While every suggestion of British origin may be suspected and feared, an able and intelligent representative of American civilization might draw this Government on rapidly and safely, in a course of progressive and wise amelioration. With such direction China can assume, in reality, the rank she has only pretended to. She can control the regions between the Capes; she can put a check on colonial aggrandizement. Her alliance may thus be of inestimable value.'

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Cephas Savage, to Miss Lucinda Dutton.

Mr James L. Binney, of Boston, to Miss Sarah Frye, of Portsmouth, N. H.

In New Bedford, Mr Gilman Day, to Miss Nancy Doughty, both of Boston.

In Albany, 25th ult. Mr I. M. Roberts, to Miss Amelia, daughter of the late Hon Joshua Danforth, both of Pittsfield, Ms.

In New York, 3d inst. Mr Eben Knapp, Jr. of Newburyport, to Miss Marie Antoinette Harding, of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Sunday, Leonora S. G., 2d daughter of W. H. Pomeroy, 6 years.

In South Boston, Aug 6, Mr James G. Torrey, 34, formerly of Weymouth.

In Cambridgeport, Mrs Charlotte Grant, relict of Abraham Grant.

In Cambridgeport, on Tuesday, Lowell M., youngest son of Calvin Morse.

In Medford, on Monday, Mrs Margaret Tufts, widow of the late Samuel Tufts, Jr, 85.

In Billerica, on the 2d instant, Miss Mary Rogers, aged 18 years, daughter of Josiah Rogers Esq. of Billerica.

In Fitchburg, 30th ult. Mr John Meriam, formerly of East Sudbury, a revolutionary pensioner, 81.

In Shirley, 15th ult. Dea. Joseph Brown, 96.

In Heath, August 1, Mr Thomas S. Miller, Tutor in Amherst College, and son of Rev Moses Miller, 26.

In Newport, on Sunday, Mrs Margaret, wife of James Dana, Esq, of Charlestown, Mass, and daughter of Col. Levi Tower, of N.

In New York, August 3d, Mary E. Cutler, aged 32 years, wife of James H. Cutler, and eldest daughter of Col. T. B. Wood, of that city.

At Nassau N. P., July 13, Frederick Stevens, Esq, Purser of U. S. brig Boxer, and son of the late Thomas Holden Stevens, U. S.

At Pepeete Island, Tahiti, on or about the 10th of April, Samuel T. Shaw, son of the late Capt Thomas Shaw, of Portsmouth, N. H. about 50.

PRODUCTIVE FARMING, or Familiar digest of the recent discoveries of Liebig, Johnston, Davy and other celebrated writers on Vegetable Chemistry, showing how the results of tillage may be greatly augmented, by Joseph A. Smith; The Attache or Sam Slick in England; Murray's Encyclopedia of Geography, part 12—just received by W. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. a12

BLAIR'S SERMONS—London edition, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh, 5 vols, 8mo, London—for sale low by W. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. a12

THE HUGUENOTS, by Mrs Lee—The Huguenots in France and America, by the author of Three Experiments of Living, Luther, Cranmer, &c. &c., 2 vols, 12mo—just published; for sale by W. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. a12

KOLLAR ON INSECTS—A treatise on insects injurious to gardeners, foresters and farmers—by Vincent Kollar, translated from the German by S. M. Loudon, from London. For sale by WM. CROSBY & CO., 118 Washington st, a12

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FOR SALE. An Organ, 13 feet high, 8 feet wide and 51-2 feet deep, and containing open diapason, stop diapason, dulcina, Principal twelfth, fifteenth and spolton—the Principal in two and a half stops, which make 8 Registers—the key board commencing on FFF, containing 36 long or white keys; the whole encased by mahogany and nearly new, having been removed from a Church, after about one and a half years' use. The maker warrants it nearly equal to new—price $750—terms easy. If not sold immediately will be leased for a term of years. For particulars address CHARLES McINTIER, No 5 Exchange street, Boston. a12

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References—Hon. Josiah Quincy, President Harvard University; Hon. William Minot; Rev. John Pierpont; Rev. Mellish I. Motte; Rev. Hubbard Winslow; Rev. Charles F. Barnard; Rev. Robert C. Waterston; Dr. George C. Shattuck; Jonathan Ellis; Edmund Jackson; George Savage; Gideon F. Thayer, Esq. july 29

MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF RELIGION and Letters, for August, will be issued on Tuesday next—Contents:

The Westminster Assembly of Divines.
Notices of the late Rev. David Damon.
Paraphrase.
Summer Morning Hymn.
Religion in Germany.
Desire for another Life—a sermon by Rev Calvin Lincoln.
The Poet's Hope.
Christ compared with his times.
Disruption of the Scottish Church.
Notices of Books, Intelligence, &c.

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BURNAP'S LECTURES to Young Men—Lectures to Young Men on the cultivation of the mind, the formation of character and the conduct of life, by George W. Burnap, author of Lectures on the Sphere and Duties of woman, second edition—fresh supply just received by W. CROSBY & CO., 118 Washington st. j15

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SUNDAY SCHOOL SINGING BOOK—2d edition—being a collection of Hymns with appropriate Music, designed as a guide and assistant to the devotional exercises of Sabbath Schools and families; comprising also the elements of Music, by Edward L. White, author of the Sabbath School Choir—the second edition done up in a neat and very substantial form—this day published by W. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st.

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July 15.

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REFERENCES—Rev. Geo. E. Ellis, Rev. P. H. Greenleaf, Dr. A. R. Thompson of Charlestown; Geo. B. Emerson, Esq., George S. Hillard, Esq., Rev. Dr. Vinton, Rev. Jas. Coolidge of Boston; President Wayland of Brown University; Rev. F. A. Farley of Brooklyn, N. Y.; President Sears of Newton; Rev. C. A. Farley of Eastport, Me.; John Sergeant of Philadelphia. j15

SEARS' NEW MONTHLY FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR JULY.

CONTENTS.—Local Memoirs of Great Men—Goldsmith, Signers of the Declaration of Independence; Rama; The Pilgrims; Kingston; Struggles of Adolescence; Nazareth; Geology; Oriental Water Carrier; Ancient World, London; Do we not boast too much; Obscure passages in the Bible; Sidon; Change of Feeling; William Penn; Tiberias and the Sea of Galilee; Beginning of the year in various nation; The Simoon; The Mirage; Formation of Character; A day at a Sugar Refinery; Comets, John Jacob Astor.

EMBELLISHMENTS.—Goldsmith; Rama; Kingston, from a drawing taken during the Revolution; Nazareth, with the Mount of Precipitation; Oriental Water Carrier; View of London from the York Column; Thames Tunnel; Sidon; Seacoast between Tyre and Sidon; Lake of Gennassarit, with the town of Tiberias looking towards the country of the Gardarenes; Sand Storm; Interior of a Sugar Refinery, seven illustrations. SAXTON, PEIRCE & CO., 133 1-2 Washington st. july 2

EMERSON'S ARITHMETIC, IN THREE PARTS.

PART FIRST is a small book, designed for the use of young classes, from five to eight years of age.

PART SECOND contains, within itself, a complete system of Mental and Written Arithmetic, united; and this book, without the Third Part, is sufficiently extensive for common schools.

PART THIRD, for advanced scholars, comprises a brief review of the elementary principles, and a full development of the higher operations, with extensive commercial information.

From the Masters of the Public Schools of Boston, in the Department of Arithmetic.

Emerson's System of Arithmetic, (First, Second and Third Part,) has been in use in the Public Schools of Boston for several years, and it affords us pleasure to say, that our opinion of its value has been confirmed by observing its effect in the business of instruction. It is written in a perspicuous style, its illustrations are lucid, its arrangement is judicious, and the gradation of its exercises is exact. We consider the work to be justly entitled to the high reputation it has acquired, and we sincerely recommend it to the attention of teachers, who have not had opportunity to become acquainted with its merits.

P. MACKINTOSH, Jr., Hancock School.
JAMES ROBINSON, Bowdoin School.
LEVI CONANT, Eliot School.
AARON D. CAPEN, Mayhew School.
JOSIAH FAIRBANK, Adams School.
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NATHAN MERRILL, Franklin School.
LORING LOTHROP, Endicott School.
CHARLES KIMBALL, Boylston School.
JOSEPH HALE, Johnson School.
SAMUEL L. GOULD, Winthrop School.

Boston, January 28, 1842.

Emerson's Arithmetic, Part Third, has for several years, been a text book in the Boston English High School. I think that it is a highly useful book for those scholars who have faithfully learned the Second Part, which, in my opinion, is an excellent work. THOMAS SHERWIN,
Principal of the Boston English High School.

Having, for several years, used Emerson's North American Arithmetic, and having had a fair opportunity to compare it with other works upon the same subject, I cheerfully certify, that I consider it decidedly the

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

TO A FRIEND.

Call not this world 'a gloomy place,
The abode of grief and wo;
Where sorrow shrouds each beauteous scene
And tears forever flow.

This lovely world which God hath made,
So beautiful and fair;
Surely if thou but trust in him,
Thou may'st be happy there.

Is there not beauty all around,
Where'er thy footsteps tread?
Are there not countless joys each day
Upon thy pathway shed?

Are there not kind and loving hearts,
That thou may'st win to thee?
Are there not those to whose deep griefs
Thou may'st a solace be?

Then call not this 'a gloomy world,
The abode of grief and wo,
Where sorrow shrouds each beauteous scene,
And tears forever flow.'

But go and do thy Father's will;
Bind up the broken heart,
And kindly aid the suffering one,
And bid his cares depart.

Then peace within thy soul shall dwell,
A calm and tranquil joy,
That earthly storms can never shake,
Nor sorrow can destroy.

And then shall life be bright to thee,
And gladness fill thy breast;
For he whose faith on God is stayed,
Is evermore at rest.

—

TO A DEPARTED ONE.

Our bitter grief hath calmer grown,
Since that sad mournful day,
When thou, sweet spirit, from our sight,
To Heaven wer't called away.

And we can bear to hear thy name,
Nor feel the tear-drops start;
Though none the less a deep response,
It finds within the heart.

And we can even speak of thee,
In tones that falter not;
But yet our own, our blessed one,
'Tis not thou art forgot!

No! but a calm sweet memory
Into our souls hath passed;
A mild, soft light, that there shall dwell,
So long as life shall last.

There's not a flow'ret of the Spring,
Nor breeze that wanders by,
Nor a gentle star that shineth
From out the evening sky.

Nor a low sweet strain of music,
Nor murmur of the sea,
Nor aught of beautiful and fair,
But bringeth thought of thee.

Though thou hast left within our hearts
A void time cannot fill;
And though in sorrow as in joy,
We miss thy presence still.

Yet when thick clouds are gath'ring round,
And life seems dark and drear;
Though it would cheer our weary souls,
If thou, our lov'd, wer't here,

Yet it is much to feel that thou
Art where no storms may come;
And there within thy Father's house
Hast found a peaceful home.

And earth, since thou art gone from thence,
Seems to us far less dear;
While Heaven, with all its glorious hopes,
Grows brighter and more near.

Well hath thy mission been fulfilled;
For, by a Father's love,
Thou hast been given—then taken hence
To draw our thoughts above. E. S. N.

[From the German of Langbein.]

HABICH AND HATTICH.

'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'

There are two little songsters well known in the land,
There names are *I-have* and *O-had-I*;
I-have will come tamely and perch on your hand,
But *O-had-I* will mock you most sadly.

I-have, at first sight, is less fair to the eye,
But his worth is by far more enduring
Than a thousand *O-had-I's*, that sit far and high,
On roofs and on trees so alluring.

Full many a golden egg this bird will lay,
And sing you, 'Be cheery! be cheery!'
O, merrily, then, will the day glide away,
And sweet shall your sleep be, when weary.

But let an *O-had-I* once take your eye,
And a longing to catch him once seize you,—
He'll give you no comfort nor rest till you die;
Life-long he'll torment you and tease you.

He'll keep you all day running up and down hill,
Now racing, now panting and creeping;
While far overhead, this sweet bird, at his will,
With his golden plumage is sweeping.

Then every wise man who attends to my song,
Will count his *I-have* a treasure,
And whene'er an *O-had-I* comes flying along,
Will just let him fly at his pleasure.

SONNET.

BY WORDSWORTH.

Feel for the wrongs to universal kin
Daily exposed—wo that unshrouded lies;
And seek the sufferer in his darkest den,
Whether conducted to the spot by sighs
And moanings, or he dwells (as if the wren
Taught him concealment) hidden from all eyes,
In silence, and the awful modesties
Of sorrow;—feel for *all*, as brother men!—
Feel for the poor,—but do not still your qualms,
By formal charity, or dole of alms;
Learn to be just—just through impartial law;
Far as ye may, erect and equalize;
And what you cannot reach by statute, draw
Each from the fountain of self-sacrifice.

HOPE FOR THE BEST.

Oh, why should we ever be shading
Moments of parting with pain?
Though the rose we have cherished be fading,
Time will bring roses again!
Though Fate our destinies sever—
Though for a season deprest—
Trusting in Providence ever,
Still let us hope for the best.

There is a star yet above us,
Shining for happier days;
There is a spirit to love us,
Beaming *beyond* the star's rays!
Though for a time we may sever,
Clasp this deep truth to thy breast,
Trusting in Providence ever—
Come what there may—is the best!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following beautiful story, says the Editor of the Common School Journal, should be read with appropriate commentary and exposition, as one of the *general exercises*, in all schools:

TRUTH.

By Mrs. Frances Surgent Osgood.

'This above all!—to thine own life be true!
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.'

CHAPTER I.—A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

'Mother! mother!' exclaimed a sweet, eager voice, and the speaker, a child of thirteen years, burst into the room, where Mrs Carlton sat at work,—'don't you think there is to be a prize given on exhibition day for the best composition! And I mean to try for it,—shan't I?'

She was a little harum-scarum looking thing! I suppose she had run all the way home from school for her straw bonnet hung on her neck instead of her head, and a profusion of soft dark hair was streaming in such disorder about her glowing face, that you could not tell if she were pretty or not; but you could see a pair of brilliant grey or blue or black eyes,—they certainly changed their color with every new emotion, but I think they were really grey,—full of laughter, and love beaming through the truant tresses, and all eloquent with the beauty of a fresh, warm soul. This change in the child's eye is no freak of a foolish fancy; for every one noticed it; and her school crony, Kate Sumner, used to declare, that when Harriet was angry they were black; grey when she was thoughtful; violet when sad; and when happy and loving, they changed to the tenderest blue.

Mrs Carlton drew the little girl towards her, and smoothed back the rebellious curls, at the same time exclaiming, with a long drawn sigh,—'My *dear* Harriet! how you do look!'

'Oh, mother! it's not the least matter how I look! If I were only a beauty, now, like Angelina Burton, I would keep my hair as smooth as,—*as any thing*; but I wouldn't rub my cheeks though, as she does always, just before she goes into a room where there is company,—would *you*?'

The mother gazed at the child's expressive face, as she spoke, with its irregular, yet lovely features, the strange bright eyes, the changing cheek, the full and sweet, but spirited mouth, and said to herself,—'Whatever you may think, my darling, I would not change your simple, childlike unconsciousness, for all Angelina's beauty, spoiled as it is by vanity and affectation.'

'But mother, do give me a subject for composition, for I want to write it now, this minute!'

'Harriet,' said Mrs Carlton quietly, 'go and brush your hair, and change your shoes, and mend that rent in your dress as neatly as you can.'

Harriet half pouted: but she met her mother's tranquil eye; the pout changed to a good humored smile, and kissing her affectionately, she bounded off to do her bidding.

While she was gone, you would like,—would you not dear reader?—to ask a few questions about her. I can guess what they are, and will answer them, to the best of my knowledge.

Mrs Carlton is a widow, with a moderate fortune, and a handsome house in Tremont street, Boston. She has been a star in fashionable life, but since the loss of her husband, whom she tenderly loved, she had retired from the gay world and devoted herself to her child—a wild, frank, happy, generous and impetuous creature, with half a dozen glaring faults and one rare virtue, which nobly redeemed them all. That virtue, patient reader, you must find out for yourself. Perhaps you will catch a glimpse of it in

CHAPTER II.—AUNT ELOISE.

Harriet was busy with her composition, when her aunt, who was on a visit to Mrs Carlton, entered the room. Aunt Eloise was a weak minded and weak hearted lady of a very uncertain age, unhappily gifted with more sensibility than sense. She really had a deal of feeling,—for herself and an almost inexhaustable shower of tears, varied occasionally by hysterics and fainting-fits, whenever any pressing exigency, in the fate of her friends, demanded self-possession, energy or immediate assistance. If, too, there happened, as there will sometimes, in all households, to be an urgent necessity for instant exertion by any member of the family, such as sewing, watching with an invalid, or shopping with a country cousin, poor Aunt Eloise was invariably and most unfortunately seized with a sudden toothache, headache, pain in the side, strange feelings, dreadful nervousness, or some trouble of the kind, which quite precluded the propriety of asking her aid.

Every morning at breakfast Aunt Eloise edified the family with a wonderful dream, which the breakfast bell had interrupted, and every evening she grew sentimental over the reminiscences which the twilight hour awakened. It was then that innumerable shades of former admirers arose. Some doubted if they had ever been *more* than shades; but Aunt Eloise certainly knew best about that; and who had a right to deny that Mr Smith had knelt to her for pity; that Colonel Green had vowed eternal adoration; and that Lawyer Lynx had laid his heart, his hand and fees, which were not quite a fortune, at her feet?

Aunt Eloise had been—at least she hinted so—a beauty and a blue, in her day; and to maintain both characters, she rogued, wore false ringlets, and scribbled love verses, which she had a bad habit of leaving, by accident, between the leaves of books in every frequented room of the house.

She thought and avowed herself extravagantly fond of her neice, during her early childhood, and imagined that she displayed a graceful enthusiasm in exclaiming every now and then in her presence, and in that of others,—'Oh! you angel child! I do think she is the sweetest creature! Come here and kiss me, you beauty!' &c. &c. But no one ever saw Aunt Eloise taking care of the child, attending to its little wants, or doing any thing for its benefit. The only tangible proof of her affection for her neice was in the shape of bonbons and candy, which she was in the habit of bringing home from her frequent walks in Tremont street. Harriet regularly handed these forbidden luxuries to her mother, and Mrs Carlton as regularly threw them into the fire.

'Isn't it a pity to waste such nice things, mother? Why not give them to some poor child in the street?' asked the little girl one day as she watched with longing eyes, a paper full of the tempting poison, which her mother was quietly emptying into the grate.

Mrs Carlton did not disdain to reason with her child.

'That would be *worse* than wasted, dear. It would be cruel to give to another what I refuse to give you on account of its unwholesomeness.'

But Harriet had now been for a long time out of the spinster's book as the saying is—and this misfortune occurred as follows:

One morning when she was six years old, the child came in to her mother's room from her aunt's where she had been alternately petted, scolded, and teazed, till she was weary, and seating herself in a corner, remained for some time absorbed in thought. She had been reading to her mother that morning, and one sentence, of which she had asked an explanation, had made a deep impression upon her. It was this—'God sends trials and troubles to strengthen and purify our hearts.' She now sat in her corner without speaking or stirring, until her mother's voice startled her from her reverie.

'Of what are you now thinking, Harriet?'

'Mother, did God send Aunt Eloise to strengthen and purify my heart?'

'What do you mean, my child?'

The indignant maiden was just entering the room as this dialogue began, and hearing her own name, she had stopped, unseen, to listen. Speechless with rage, she returned to her chamber, and was never heard to call Harriet an angel child again.

But we have wasted more words on the fair Eloise's follies than they deserve. Let us return to Harriet's all-important composition.

The maiden lady, selfish and indolent as she was, took it into her head sometimes to be exceedingly inquisitive, and officious, too; particularly where she thought her literary talents could come into play. She walked up to Harriet, and looked over her shoulder.

'What's this, hey? oh! a story! That's right, Harriet; I am glad to see you taking to literary pursuits. Come, child! give me the pen and I will improve that sentence for you.'

'Thank you, aunt, but I don't want it improved.'

'Not want it improved? there's vanity!'

'Indeed, aunt, I am not vain about it, and I would like to have you help me, if it were not to be shown as mine. It would'nt be fair, you know, to pass off another's as my own. I am writing for a prize.'

'For a prize! So much the more reason that you should be assisted. There, dear, run away to your play, and I will write it all for you. You will be sure to win the prize.'

With every word thus uttered, Harriet's eyes had grown larger and darker, and at the close, she turned them full of astonishment, from her aunt's face to her mother's. Re-assured by the expression of the latter, she replied.

'But Aunt Eloise, that would be a falsehood, you know.'

'A falsehood, miss!' cried the maiden, sharply. 'It is a very common thing, I assure you!'

But not the less false for being common, Eloise,' said Mrs Carlton; 'pray let Harriet have her own way about it. It would be far better to lose the prize, than to gain it dishonestly.'

Aunt Eloise, as usual, secretely determined to have *her* own way; but she said no more then, and Harriet pursued her employment without further interruption.

CHAPTER III—THE PRIZE.

The exhibition day had arrived. Harriet had finished her story several days before, and read it to her mother. It was a simple, graceful, childlike effusion, with less of pretension than ornament, and more of spirit and originality, than the compositions of most children of the same age contain.

Mrs Carlton seemed much pleased; but Aunt Eloise had criticised it without mercy. And at the same time she was observed to smile frequently with a cunning, sly, triumphant expression peculiar to herself—an expression which she always wore when she had a secret, and secrets she had in abundance,—a new one almost every day—trivial, petty secrets, which no one cared about but herself; but which *she* guarded as jealously as if they had been apples of gold.

The exhibition day arrived.

'Good bye, mother; good bye, aunt,' said Harriet, glancing for a moment into the breakfast-room.

She was looking very pretty, in a simple, tasteful dress, made for the occasion. She had the story in her hand, neatly enclosed and enveloped, and her eyes were full of hope—the cloudless hope of childhood.

'Don't be surprised, Harriet,' said her Aunt,—'at any thing that may happen to day. Only be thankful if the prize is yours, that's all.'

'If Kate Sumner don't win it, I do *hope* I shall!' replied the eager child, and away she tripped to school.

At twelve o'clock, Mrs Carlton and her sister took their seats among the audience, in the exhibition room. The usual exercises were completed, and it only remained for the compositions to be read aloud by the teacher.

The first was a sentimental essay upon Friendship. Mr Wentworth, the teacher, looked first surprized, then amused, then vexed, as he read, while a gaily and fashionably dressed lady, who occupied a conspicuous place in the assembly, was observed to toss her head and fan herself with a very complacent air, while she met with a nod, the conscious eyes of a fair and beautiful but haughty looking girl of fifteen, seated among the pupils.

'By Angelina Burton,' said the teacher, as he concluded, and laying it aside without further comment he took up the next,—'Lines to a favorite Tree,' by Catharine Summer.

It was short and simple, and run as follows:

Thy leaves lightest murmur,
Oh! beautiful tree!
Each bend of thy branches,
The stately, the free,
Each wild, wavy whisper,
Is music to me.

I gaze through thy labyrinth,
Golden and green,
Where the light loves to linger,
In glory serene,
Far up, till yon heaven-blue
Trembles between.

I shut out the city,
And away, far away,
For the forest I'm bound,
For the noble old forest,
Which ages have crowned!

I lean on its moss banks,
I stoop o'er its rills,
I see through its vistas
The vaper-wreathed hills.
And my soul with a gush
Of wild happiness fills!

I pine for the freshness,
The freedom, the health,
Which nature can give me;
My soul's dearest wealth
Is wasted in cities;—
Where, only by stealth,

The mountain born breezes
Can fitfully play,
Where we steal but a glimpse
Of this glorious day,
And but by the calendar
Learn it is May.

But away with repining,—
I'll study from thee
A lesson of patience,
Oh! noble old tree!
Mid dark walls imprisoned,
Thou droop'st not like me:—

But strivest forever,
Still up, strong and brave,
Till in Heaven's pure sunshine
Thy free branches wave!
Oh! thus may I meet it,
No longer a slave!

The next was a story, and Harriet Carlton's eyes and cheeks changed color as she listened. It was the same, yet not the same! The incidents were hers, the sentiment more novel-like, and many a flowery and highly-wrought sentence had been introduced, which she had never heard before.

She sat speechless with wonder, indignation, and dismay, and though several other inferior compositions were read, she was so absorbed in reverie, that she heard no more until she was startled by Mr Wentworth's voice calling her by name. She looked up. In his hand was the prize—a richly chased, golden pencil case, suspended to a chain of the same material. The sound, the sight recalled her bewildered faculties, and ere she had reached the desk, she had formed a resolution, which however, it required all her native strength of soul to put in practice.

'Miss Carlton, the prize is yours!' and the teacher leaned forward to throw the chain around her neck. The child drew back.

'No sir,' she said in a low, but firm and distinct voice, looking up bravely in his face, 'I did not write the story you have read.'

'Not write it! exclaimed Mr Wentworth. 'Why then does it bear your name? Am I to understand, Miss Carlton, that you have asked another's assistance in your composition, and that you now repent the deception?'

Poor Harriet! this was to much! Her dark eyes flashed, and then filled with tears; her lips trembled with emotion, and she paused a moment, as if disdaining a reply to this unmerited charge.

A slight and sneering laugh from the beauty aroused her, and she answered, respectfully, but firmly.

'The story I did write was in that envelope yesterday. Some one has changed it without my knowledge. It was not so good as the one you have read, so I must not take the prize.'

There was a murmer of applause through the assembly, and the teacher bent upon the blushing girl a look of approval, which amply repaid her for all the embarrassment she had suffered.

Aunt Eloise took advantage of the momentary excitement to steal, unobserved, from the room. Harriet took her seat, and Miss Angelina Burton was next called up. The portly matron leaned smilingly forward; and the graceful little beauty already affecting the airs of a fine lady, sauntered up to the desk, and languidly reached out her hand for the prize.

'I cannot say much for your taste in selection, Miss Burton. I do not admire your author's sentiments. The next time you wish to make an extract you must allow me to choose for you. There are better things than this, even in the trashy magazine from which you have copied it.'

And with this severe, but justly merited reproof of the imposition that had been practised, he handed the young lady, not the prize, which she expected, but the MS. essay on Friendship, which she had copied word for word, from an old magazine.

The portly lady turned very red, and the beauty bursting into tears of anger and mortification, returned to her seat discomfited.

'Miss Catharine Sumner,' resumed the teacher, with a benign smile, to a plain, yet noble-looking girl, who came forward as he spoke,—'I believe there can be no mistake about your little effusion. I feel great pleasure in presenting you the reward due, not only to your mental cultivation, but to the goodness of your heart. What! do you, too, hesitate?'

'Will you be kind enough, sir,' said the generous Kate, taking a paper from her pocket, 'to read Harriet's story before you decide. I asked her for a copy several days ago, and here it is.'

'You shall read it to the audience yourself, my dear; I am sure they will listen patiently to so kind a pleader in her friend's behalf.'

The listeners looked pleased and eager to hear the story; Kate Sumner, with a modest self-possession, which well became her, and with her fine eyes lighting up as she read, did full justice to the pretty and touching story, of which Harriet had been so cruelly robbed.

'It is well worth reading,' said Mr Wentworth, when she had finished; 'your friend has won the prize, my dear young lady; and, as she owes it to your generosity, you shall have the pleasure of bestowing it yourself.'

Kate's face glowed with emotion as she hung the chain around Harriet's neck, and Harriet could not restrain her tears, while she whispered,

'I will take it not as a prize but as a gift from you dear Kate.'

'And now, Miss Sumner,' said Mr Wentworth in conclusion, 'let me beg your acceptance of these volumes, as a token of your teacher's respect and esteem;' and presenting her a beautiful bound edition of Milton's works, he bowed his adieu to the retiring audience.

* * * * * *

'Will you lend me your prize pencil, this morning, Harriet?' said Mrs Carlton the next day. She was dressed for a walk, and Harriet wondered why she should want the pencil to take out with her; but she immediately unclapsed the chain from her neck and handed it to her mother, without asking any questions.

She was rewarded at dinner by finding it lying at the side of her plate, with the single word 'TRUTH' engraved upon its seal.—*Graham's Magazine.*

HERNHUT, THE ORIGINAL SETTLEMENT OF THE MORAVIANS.

Hernhut itself is a neat, modern-looking little town, of about one thousand one hundred inhabitants. It is, like most German towns, built with streets crossing at right angles, and of white houses. In a spacious square stands the little inn, the meeting-house, the Single Brethren's House, and other buildings belonging to the community. The Single Sister's House stands also near, facing the lower end, or rather front of the church. Many private families live in their own separate houses. All is extremely neat, clean, and profoundly quiet. Few people are, at any time, seen going to and fro; and such a thing as a childs playing in the street is not to be seen. In respect to their education, they are very strict in their notions; and children, like John Wesley, are probably 'taught to fear the rod, and cry softly.' At all events, they are not allowed to play in the street; and you hear so little of them playing anywhere, that you would be inclined, did you not meet some under the care of nurses in the walks and gardens, to believe there were none; or, (as has actually been the case here once) only one child born in the year! A profound silence hovers over the whole place; and it is amazing that so many active persons should go forth to all parts of the world, from a centre which seems the very centre of the realms of sleep. They call it, themselves, life in stillness. We went through the Brethren's and Sister's House, and were much pleased with the quiet and neatness of every thing. It was interesting to see, in both houses, persons who had been into distant and very diffrerat parts of the world—into the hottest and coldest regions—in the missionary cause; and the children of missionaries, who had been born among the Caffres or the Esquimaux. Each community had its common dining-room, where they all dined, but at three different tables, each at a different rate of charge, so as to accommodate all persons. Poverty among them is no disgrace, except as the result of indolence or imprudence. Each community has its prayer-room and assembling room. Music is much cultivated among them; and we observed in every room, appropriated to public or private worship, an organ or a piano, and in every sitting room that we entered was a violin, a guitar, or a flute.

It was amazing to see the sleeping room of the women, which, like the dining room, was for general use, and stocked with a host of little German beds, each for one person. The women, in their little white muslin caps, had a certain resemblance to Friends, but were distinguished into married and unmarried by the ribands which tied their caps being of different colors. The young girls had deep red; the unmarried women, pink; the married women, blue; and the widows white or gray. In the Brethren's house is a very excellent collection of stuffed birds, and other objects of natural history, which missionaries from different countries have enriched. Their church very much resembles a Friends' meeting house; there are no pews, but plain benches: the men and women, like the Friends, sitting apart. They had a chair and desk for the preacher, and an organ, distinguishing the place from a meeting-house of Friends. Indeed, very different to the Friends, they have an intense love of music, and preach, pray, and sing, at stated times and hours. We were admitted to one of their private singing meetings, and were surprised to see the person who presided give out the hymn sitting, and the whole company singing in the same position. They have, too, their love-feasts in imitation of the Agapæ of the early Christians, at which tea and buns are handed round. All who entertain any enmity against each other are earnestly warned to absent themselves from these meetings till they have rooted the offence from their hearts. At the close of the holy communion, each brother renews his pledge of faithfulness to the Lord, and gives his hand upon it to his fellow; the brethren kiss one another, and the sisters also do the same among themselves. *

* * They may contract marriage by mutual agreement, under the approbation of the elders; but they also frequently resort to the lot to determine them; and nothing is more common than for a missionary to send home, requesting them to choose him a wife, who is thus selected. The damsel on which the lot falls has the liberty to decline the match, if she pleases; but, as it is regarded as a clear indication of the will of Providence, it is generally cheerfully acquiesced in; and a young woman will at once prepare herself, on being chosen, to go North or South; to the snowy fields of Labrador, or the burning deserts of Africa. The Hurnhuters declare that scarcely an instance has been known in which these marriages have not been completely happy ones.—*William Howitt's Rural and Domestic Life of Germany.*

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May., 1843. 3w

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